



To Mother

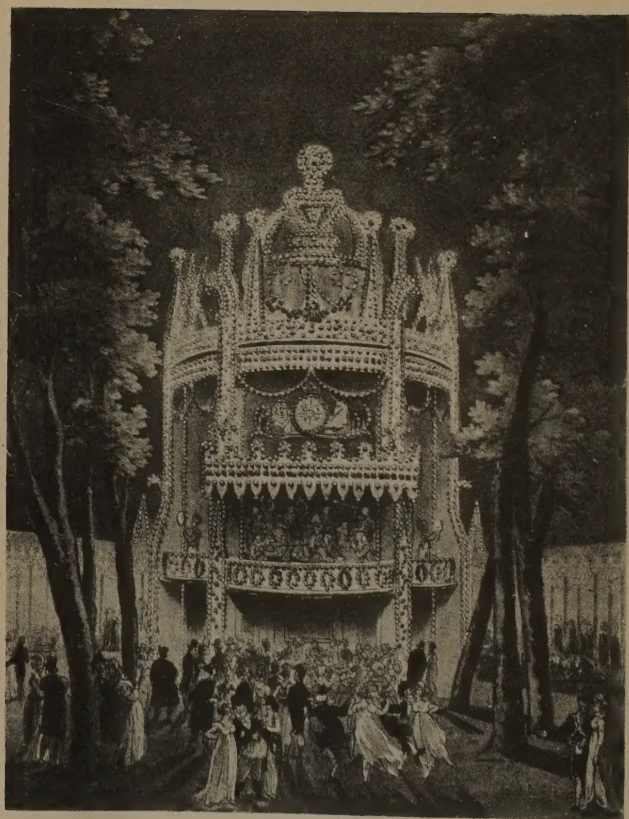
from

Jack & Graft

With best wishes

Easter 1928

A LONDON OMNIBUS



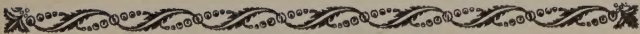
Vauxhall Gardens. By Rowlandson.

A
LONDON OMNIBUS

Before the geud Volk of this Kingdom be undone,
Shall Highgate Hill stand in the middle of Lundun.

Mother Shipton's Prophecy.

CHATTO AND WINDUS
97 & 99 ST. MARTIN'S LANE
LONDON



PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY T. & A. CONSTABLE LTD., EDINBURGH
1927

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

A
LONDON OMNIBUS

★

Look not for Whales in the Euxine Sea,
or expect great matters where they are
not to be found.

Sir Thomas Browne.



A



ORIGINS

As the Romane writers to glorifie the citie of Rome drew the originall thereof from Gods and demie Gods, by the Trojan progenie : so Giffrey of Monmouth, the Welsh Historian, deduceth the foundation of this famous Citie of London, for the greater glorie therof, and emulation of Rome, from the very same originall. For he reporteth that Brute, lineally descended from the demy god Eneas, the sonne of Venus, daughter of Jupiter, about the yeare of the world 2855 and 1108 before the nativitie of Christ, builded this citie neare unto the river now called Thames, and named it Troynovant or Trenovant. But herein as Livie the most famous Hystoriographer of the Romans writeth, Antiquitie is pardonable, and hath an especial priviledge, by interlacing divine matters with humane, to make the first foundation of Cities more honourable, more sacred, and as it were of greater maiestie.

John Stow : A Survey of London : 1603.



THE LONDONER

To the Editor of the Reflector

MR. REFLECTOR,—I was born under the shadow of St. Dunstan's steeple, just where the conflux of the eastern and western inhabitants of this twofold city meet and jostle in friendly opposition at Temple Bar. The

same day which gave me to the world, saw London happy in the celebration of her great annual feast. This I cannot help looking upon as a lively omen of the future great good-will which I was destined to bear toward the city, resembling in kind that solicitude which every Chief Magistrate is supposed to feel for whatever concerns her interests and well-being. Indeed I consider myself in some sort a speculative Lord Mayor of London : for though circumstances unhappily preclude me from the hope of ever arriving at the dignity of a gold chain and Spital Sermon, yet thus much will I say of myself in truth, that Whittington with his Cat (just emblem of vigilance and a furred gown) never went beyond me in affection, which I bear to the citizens.

I was born, as you have heard, in a crowd. This has begot in me an entire affection for that way of life, amounting to an almost insurmountable aversion from solitude and rural scenes. This aversion was never interrupted or suspended, except for a few years in the younger part of my life, during a period in which I had set my affections upon a charming young woman. Every man while the passion is upon him, is for a time at least addicted to groves and meadows and purling streams. During this short period of my existence, I contracted just familiarity enough with rural objects to understand tolerably well ever after the poets, when they declaim in such passionate terms in favour of a country life.

For my own part, now the fit is past, I have no hesitation in declaring, that a mob of happy faces crowding up at the pit door of Drury Lane Theatre, just at the

hour of six, gives me ten thousand sincerer pleasures, than I could ever receive from all the flocks of silly sheep that ever whitened the plains of Arcadia or Epsom Downs.

This passion for crowds is nowhere feasted so full as in London. The man must have a rare recipe for melancholy, who can be dull in Fleet Street. I am naturally inclined to hypochondria, but in London it vanishes, like all other ills. Often, when I have felt a weariness or distaste at home, have I rushed out into her crowded Strand, and fed my humour, till tears have wetted my cheek for inutterable sympathies with the multitudinous moving picture, which she never fails to present at all hours, like the scenes of a shifting pantomime.

The very deformities of London, which give distaste to others, from habit do not displease me. The endless succession of shops where Fancy mis-called Folly is supplied with perpetual gauds and toys, excite in me no puritanical aversion. I gladly behold every appetite supplied with its proper food. The obliging customer, and the obliged tradesman—things which live by bowing, and things which exist but for homage—do not affect me with disgust ; from habit I perceive nothing but urbanity, where other men, more refined, discover meanness : I love the very smoke of London, because it has been the medium most familiar to my vision. I see grand principles of honour at work in the dirty ring which encompasses two combatants with fists, and principles of no less eternal justice in the detection of a pick-pocket. The salutary astonishment with which an execution is surveyed, convinces me more forcibly than a hundred

volumes of abstract polity, that the universal instinct of man in all ages has leaned to order and good government.

Thus an art of extracting morality from the commonest incidents of a town life, is attained by the same well-natured alchemy, with which the Foresters of Arden, in a beautiful country,

Found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Where has spleen her food but in London? Humour, Interest, Curiosity, suck at her measureless breasts without a possibility of being satiated. Nursed amid her noise, her crowds, her beloved smoke, what have I been doing all my life, if I have not lent out my heart with usury to such scenes !—I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

A LONDONER (*Charles Lamb*).



MR. PEPYS

October 10th 1667. Up, to walk up and down in the garden with my father, to talk of all our concernments : about a husband for my sister, whereof there is at present no appearance ; but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly. My father and I with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord ! what a tosse I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was : but by and by poking with a spit we found it, and then begun

with a spudd to lift up the ground. But, good God ! to see how sillily they did it, not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if any body by accident were near hand, and within sight of a neighbour's window : only my father says that he saw them all gone to church before he began the work, when he laid the money. But I was out of my wits almost, and the more from that, upon my lifting up the earth with the spudd, I did discern that I had scattered the pieces of gold round about the ground among the grass and loose earth : and taking up the iron head-pieces wherein they were put, I perceived the earth was got among the gold, and wet so that the bags were all rotten, and all the notes, that I could not tell what in the world to say to it, not knowing how to judge what was wanting, or what had been lost by Gibson in his coming down : which, all put together, did make me mad ; and at last I was forced to take up the head-pieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by candle light, and carry them up into my brother's chamber, and there locke them up till I had eat a little supper : and then, all people going to bed, W. Hewer and I did all alone with several pails of water and besoms at last wash the dirt off the pieces, and parted the pieces and the dirt, and then began to tell them by a note which I had of the value of the whole (in my pocket). And do find that there was short above a hundred pieces : which did make me mad ; and considering that the neighbour's house was so near that we could not possibly speak one to another in the garden

at that place where the gold lay (especially my father being deaf) but they must know what we had been doing, I feared that they might in the night come and gather some pieces and prevent us the next morning ; so W. Hewer and I out again about midnight (for it was now grown so late) and there by candle-light did make shift to gather forty-five pieces more. And so in and to cleanse them : and by this time it was past two in the morning ; and so to bed, and there lay in some disquiet all night telling of the clock till it was day-light.

11th. And then W. Hewer and I, with pails and a sieve, did lock ourselves into the garden, and there gather all the earth about the place into pails, and then sift those pails in one of the summer-houses (just as they do for dyamonds in other parts of the world) ; and there to our great content did by nine o'clock make the last night's forty-five up to seventy-nine : so that we are come to about twenty or thirty of what I think the true number should be. So do leave my father to make a second examination of the dirt ; and my mind at rest in it, being but an accident : and so give me some kind of content to remember how painful it is sometimes to keep money, as well as to get it, and how doubtful I was to keep it all night, and how to secure it to London. About ten o'clock took coach, my wife and I, and Willett, and W. Hewer, and Murford and Bowles (whom my Lady lent me to go along with me my journey, not telling her the reason, but it was only to secure my gold), and my brother John on horseback ; and with these four I thought

TRUE LOVE REQUITED

myself pretty safe. My gold I put into a basket and set under one of the seats ; and so my work every quarter of an hour was to look to see whether all was well ; and I did ride in great fear all the day.

12th. By five o'clock got home, where I find all well ; and did bring my gold to my heart's content very safe, having not this day carried it in a basket, but in our hands : the girl took care of one, and my wife another bag, and I the rest, I being afraid of the bottom of the coach, lest it should break.

Pepys's Diary.



TRUE LOVE REQUITED OR THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

THERE was a youth and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son :
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

She was coy, and she would not believe
That he did love her so,
No nor at any time she would
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see :
' Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she thought little of me.'

All the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear,
She secretly stole away.

She put off her gown of grey,
And put on her puggish attire,
She's up to fair London gone,
Her true love to require.

As she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
There was she aware of her true love
At length came riding by.

She stepp'd to him as red as any rose,
Catching hold of his bridle-ring :
' Pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,
' To ease my weary limb.'

TRUE LOVE REQUIRED

‘ I prithee, sweet-heart, canst thou tell me
Where that thou wast born ? ’
‘ At Islington, kind sir,’ said she,
‘ Where I have had many a scorn.’

‘ I prithee, sweet-heart, canst thou tell me
Whether thou dost know
The bailiff’s daughter of Islington ? ’
‘ She ’s dead, sir, long ago.’

‘ Then will I sell my goodly steed,
My saddle and my bow ;
I will into some far country,
Where no man doth me know.’

‘ O stay, o stay, thou goodly youth,
Here she standeth by thy side,
She is alive, she is not dead,
And is ready to be thy bride.’

‘ O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore ;
For now I have seen mine own true love,
That I thought I should have seen no more ! ’

Old Ballad.



OLD LONDON BRIDGE

A LITTLE to the west is London-bridge. The year of its foundation is not settled. The first mention of it is in the laws of Ethelred, which fix the tolls of vessels coming to Billingsgate, or *ad Pontem*. It could not be prior to the year 993, when Unlaf, the Dane, sailed up the river as high as Stains, without interruption : nor yet after the year 1016, in which Ethelred died : and the great Canute, king of Denmark, when he besieged London, was impeded in his operations by a bridge, which even at that time must have been strongly fortified, to oblige him to have recourse to the following vast expedient :—He caused a prodigious ditch to be cut on the south side of the Thames, at Rotherhithe, or Redriff, a little to the east of Southwark, which he continued at a distance from the south end of the bridge, in form of a semicircle, opening into the western part of the river. Through this he drew his ships, and effectually compleated the blockade of the city. But the valour of the citizens obliged him to raise the siege. Evidences of this great work were found in the place called The Dock Head, at Redriff, where it began. Fascines of hazels, and other brushwood, fastened down with stakes, were discovered in digging that dock, in 1694 ; and in other parts of its course have been met with, in ditching, large oaken planks, and numbers of piles.

The bridge originated from the public spirit of the college of priests of St. Mary Overie. Before, there

had been a ferry, left by her parents to their only daughter Mary ; who, out of the profits, founded a nunnery and endowed it with the profits of the boat. This house was afterwards converted into the college of priests, who not only built the bridge but kept it in repair : but it must be understood that the first bridge was of timber, the materials at hand, and most probably rudely put together. This account is given by Stow, from the report of Bartholomew Linsted, alias Fowle, last prior of St. Marie Overie ; but was doubted, because the work has been supposed to be too great, and too disinterested for a college of priests, who were to give up the certain profits of the ferry, for those resulting precariously from an expensive undertaking. Even the existence of a religious house before the Conquest has been suspected : but the Domesday book puts that out of doubt, by informing us, *Ipse episcopus habet unum monasterium in Sudwerche*. Numbers of useful, as well as pious works, in early days, originated from the instigation of the churchmen, who often had the honor of being called the founders, when the work itself was performed by their devotees. Neither is it to be supposed that they could keep it in repair : the same zeal which impelled people to contribute to the building, operated in the vestiture of land for its future support ; and this appears to have been done by several instances ; yet the endowments were so small, that a supplementary tax was often raised.

In 1136, the bridge was burnt down. By the year 1163 it grew so ruinous as to occasion its being rebuilt, under the care of one Peter, curate of St. Mary Cole-

church, a celebrated architect of those times. It was soon after determined to build a bridge of stone, and, about the year 1176, the same Peter was employed again. It proved a work of thirty-three years : the architect died four years before it was completed ; and another clergyman, Isenbert, master of the schools of Xainctes, was recommended to the citizens, by king John, for the honor of finishing it ; but they rejected their prince's choice, and committed the work to three merchants of London, who completed it in 1209. Peter was buried in a beautiful chapel, probably of his own construction, dedicated to St. Thomas, which stood on the east side, in the ninth pier from the north end, and had an entrance from the river, as well as the street, by a winding staircase. It was beautifully paved with black and white marble, and in the middle was a tomb, supposed to contain the remains of Peter the architect.

This great work was founded on enormous piles, driven as closely as possible together : on their tops were laid long planks ten inches thick, strongly bolted ; and on them were placed the base of the pier, the lowermost stones of which were bedded in pitch, to prevent the water from damaging the work : round all were the piles which are called the Sterlings, designed for the preservation of the foundation piles. These contracted the space between the piers so greatly, as to occasion, at the retreat of every tide, a fall of five feet, or a number of temporary cataracts, which, since the foundation of the bridge, have occasioned the loss of many thousand lives. The water, at spring-tides, rises to the height of about

eighteen feet. The length of this vast work is nine hundred and fifteen feet, the exact breadth of the river. The number of arches was nineteen, of unequal dimensions, and greatly deformed by the sterlings, and the houses on each side, which overhung and leaned in a most terrific manner. In most places they hid the arches, and nothing appeared but the rude piers. I well remember the street on London-bridge, narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages : frequent arches of strong timber crossed the street, from the tops of the houses, to keep them together, and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the rest of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of the falling waters, the clamors of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches. Most of the houses were tenanted by pin or needle makers, and æconomical ladies were wont to drive from the St. James's end of the town, to make cheap purchases. Fuller tells us, that Spanish needles were made here first in Cheapside, by a negro, who died without communicating the art. Elias Crowse, a German, in the reign of Elizabeth, was more liberal, and first taught the method to the English. Fuller's definition of a needle is excellent, *quasi* NE IDLE.

In the bridge were three openings on each side, with ballustrades, to give passengers a sight of the water and shipping. In one part had been a draw-bridge, useful either by way of defence, or for the admission of ships into the upper part of the river. This was protected by a strong tower. It served to repulse Fauconbridge the Bastard, in his general assault on the city in 1471, with a

set of banditti, under pretence of rescuing the unfortunate Henry, then confined in the Tower. Sixty houses were burnt on the bridge on the occasion. It also served to check, and in the end annihilate, the ill-conducted insurrection of Sir Thomas Wiat, in the reign of queen Mary. The top of this tower, in the sad and turbulent days of this kingdom, used to be the shambles of human flesh, and covered with heads or quarters of unfortunate partizans. Even so late as the year 1598, Hentzner, the German traveller, with German accuracy, counted on it above thirty heads. The old map of the city, in 1597, represents them in a most horrible cluster.

Thomas Pennant : Of London : 1790.



A BARMAID SHOW

So, then, the 'Grand Barmaid Contest' opened ; and in spite of the very unmistakable appearance put in by Jupiter Pluvius, a numerous assemblage gathered in the North Woolwich Gardens to inaugurate a festival which, whatever else we may think of it, is at all events *sui generis*. Prizes to the value of 300*l.* were to be presented to the successful candidates, varying from a purse of twenty sovereigns and a gold watch and chain, down to 'a purse of two sovereigns,' with 'various other prizes, consisting of jewellery, &c.'

Among the conditions it was required, that every young lady should be over sixteen years of age ; that she



Eastcheap Market, from an old drawing.

should be dressed in plain but good articles of attire, 'in which a happy blending of colours without prominent display is most suitable'; and it was moreover stipulated that each 'young lady' should 'ingratiate herself with the public in the most affable manner at her command, without undue forwardness or frivolity, but still retaining a strict attention to business.' No young lady was permitted to take part in the contest unless she had been in the refreshment business for twelve months, and could produce good testimonials of character.

Upwards of 700 applications were made, out of which Mr. Holland selected fifty. Whence the large number of rejections 'deponeth sayeth not.' Of these twenty-eight actually put in an appearance at three P.M. on the opening day and four were expected to join in a day or two. Every visitor is provided with a voting ticket, which he hands to the lady of his admiration, and which counts towards the prize. Each young lady also receives 5 per cent. on what she sells at her bar. The places are awarded by lot; and, by a freak of fortune, the two most attractive demoiselles happened to come together. These were Numbers One and Fourteen. The former young lady—who desires to be known by her number only, true genius being ever modest—was certain to stand Number One in popular esteem; and, if chignons are taken into account, she ought literally to 'head' the list by a very long way. The room was tastefully decorated by Messrs. Defries, and an excellent band enlivened the proceedings. As evening drew on the meeting grew more hilarious, but there was not the slightest impropriety of any kind,

the faintest approach thereto leading to immediate expulsion.

Many persons may be disposed to ask, in respect of such exhibitions, *Cui bono?* But at all events there was nothing which the veriest Cato could denounce as demoralizing. The 'young ladies' were all most modestly attired in 'sober livery'; and certainly—though comparisons are odious—not so pressing in their attentions as we have seen some other young ladies at Dramatic Fêtes, or even some *dévouées* at charitable bazaars. If we may judge from the large numbers that visited North Woolwich, 'in spite of wind and weather,' Mr. Holland was likely to reap an abundant harvest from this latest 'idea,' excogitated from his fertile brain. As the babies have had their 'show,' and the stronger sex is not likely to be equal to the task of being exhibited just yet, there seems only one section of society open to the speculations of a skilful entrepreneur. Why does not some one, in a more serious line than Mr. Holland, try what Sydney Smith calls the 'third sex,' and open an exhibition of curates, with a genuine competition for prizes? There could be no possible doubt as to the success of such a display, and the instruction to be derived from it would be equally beyond question. In the meantime we have advanced one step towards such a consummation. The adult human being has taken the place of the baby; and people evidently like it. Where will the rage for exhibitions stop? Who can say to the advancing tide of shows, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?' Other classes of society will probably have their turn, and may

MASKERS

think themselves fortunate if they show up as well as Mr. Holland's 'young ladies.'

Rev. Charles Maurice Davies, D.D. : Mystic London, or Phases of Occult Life in the Metropolis : 1875.



MASKERS

ONE other shew in the yeare 1377, made by the Citizens for disport of the yong prince Richard, son to the blacke prince, in the feast of Christmas in this manner. On the Sonday before Candlemas in the night, one hundred and thirty Cittizens disguised, and well horsed in a mummerie with sound of Trumpets, Shackbuts, Cornets, Shalmes, and other Minstrels, and innumerable torch lights of Waxe, rode from Newgate through Cheape over the bridge, through Southwarke, and so to Kennington besides Lambhith, where the yong Prince remayned with his mother and the Duke of Lancaster his uncle, the Earles of Cambridge, Hertford, Warwicke and Suffolke, with divers other Lordes. In the first ranke did ride 48 in the likenes and habite of Esquires, two and two together, cloathed in redde coates and gownes of Say or Sindall, with comely visors on their faces : after them came riding 48 knightes in the same livery, of colour and stuffe : Then followed one richly arrayed like an Emperour, and after him some distance, one stately tyred like a Pope, whom followed 24 Cardinals, and after them eight or tenne with black visors not amiable,

as if they had beene Legates from some forrain Princes. These maskers after they had entered the Mannor of Kennington, alighted from their horses, and entred the hall on foot, which done, the Prince, his mother, and the Lordes came out of the Chamber into the hall, whome the saide mummers did salute : shewing by a paire of dice upon the table their desire to play with the Prince, which they so handled, that the Prince did alwayes winne when hee cast them. Then the mummers set to the Prince three jewels, one after another, which were a boule of gold, a cup of gold, and a ring of gold, which the Prince wanne at three casts. Then they set to the Princes mother, the Duke, the Earles, and other Lordes, to every one a ring of gold, which they did also win : After which they were feasted, and the musicke sounded, the prince and Lords daunced on the one part with the mummers, which did also daunce : which jolitie being ended, they were againe made to drinke, and then departed in order as they came.

John Stow : A Survey of London : 1603.



IN HONOUR OF
THE CITY OF LONDON

I

LONDON, thou art of townes A per se.
Soveraign of cities, semeliest in sight,
Of high renoun, riches and royaltie ;
Of lordis, barons, and many a goodly knyght ;

Of most delectable lusty ladies bright ;
Of famous prelatis, in habitis clericall ;
Of merchauntis full of substaunce and of myght :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

II

Gladdith anon thou lusty Troy novaunt,
Citie that some tyme cleped was New Troy,
In all the erth, imperiall as thou stant,
Pryncesse of townes, of pleasure and of joy,
A richer restith under no Christen roy ;
For manly power, with craftis naturall,
Fourmeth none fairer sith the flode of Noy :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

III

Gemme of all joy, jasper of jocunditie,
Most myghty carbuncle of vertue and valour ;
Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuytie ;
Of royall cities rose and geraflour ;
Empresse of townes, exalt in honour ;
In beawtie beryng the crone imperiall ;
Swete paradise precelling in pleasure :
London, thou art the floure of Cities all.

IV

About all ryvers thy Ryver hath renowne,
Whose beryall stremys, pleasaunt and preclare,
Under thy lusty wallys renneth down,
Where many a swanne doth swymme with wyngis fare ;

Where many a barge doth saile, and row with are,
Where many a ship doth rest with toppe-royall.

O ! towne of townes, patrone and not compare :
London, thou art the floure of Cities all.

V

Upon thy lusty Brigge of pylers white
 Been merchauntis full royall to behold ;
Upon thy stretis goth many a semely knyght
 In velvet gownes and in cheynes of gold.
By Julyus Cesar thy Tour founded of old
May be the hous of Mars victoryall,
 Whos artillary with tonge may not be told :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

VI

Strong be thy wallis that about the standis ;
 Wise be the people that within the dwellis ;
Fresh is thy ryver with his lusty strandis ;
 Blith be thy chirches, wele sownyng be thy bellis ;
 Rich be thy merchauntis in substaunce that excellis ;
Fair be their wives, right lovesom, white and small ;
 Clere be thy virgyns, lusty under kellis :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

VII

Thy famous Maire, by pryncely governaunce,
 With swerd of justice, the rulith prudently.
No Lord of Parys, Venyce, or Floraunce
 In dignytie or honoure goeth to hym nye.

PICKWICK

He is exampler, loode-ster, and guye ;
Pryncipall patrone and roose orygynalle,
Above all Maires as maister moost worthy :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

William Dunbar.



PICKWICK

‘Cab !’ said Mr. Pickwick.

‘Here you are, sir,’ shouted a strange specimen of the human race, in a sackcloth coat, and apron of the same, who, with a brass label and number round his neck, looked as if he were catalogued in some collection of rarities. This was the waterman. ‘Here you are, sir. Now, then, fust cab !’ And the first cab having been fetched from the public-house, where he had been smoking his first pipe, Mr. Pickwick and his portmanteau were thrown into the vehicle.

‘Golden Cross,’ said Mr. Pickwick.

‘Only a bob’s vorth, Tommy,’ cried the driver sulkily, for the information of his friend the waterman, as the cab drove off.

‘How old is that horse, my friend ?’ inquired Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his nose with the shilling he had reserved for the fare.

‘Forty-two,’ replied the driver, eyeing him askant.

‘What !’ ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, laying his hand upon his note-book. The driver reiterated his former

statement. Mr. Pickwick looked very hard at the man's face, but his features were immovable, so he noted down the fact forthwith.

'And how long do you keep him out at a time?' inquired Mr. Pickwick, searching for further information.

'Two or three weeks,' replied the man.

'Weeks!' said Mr. Pickwick in astonishment, and out came the note-book again.

'He lives at Pentonwil when he's at home,' observed the driver coolly, 'but we seldom takes him home, on account of his weakness.'

'On account of his weakness!' reiterated the perplexed Mr. Pickwick.

'He always falls down when he's took out o' the cab,' continued the driver, 'but when he's in it, we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down; and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on, so ven he does move, they run after him, and he must go on—he can't help it.'

Mr. Pickwick entered every word of this statement in his note-book, with the view of communicating it to the club, as a singular instance of the tenacity of life in horses under trying circumstances. The entry was scarcely completed when they reached the Golden Cross. Down jumped the driver, and out got Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle, who had been anxiously waiting the arrival of their illustrious leader, crowded to welcome him.

'Here's your fare,' said Mr. Pickwick, holding out the shilling to the driver.

What was the learned man's astonishment, when that unaccountable person flung the money on the pavement, and requested in figurative terms to be allowed the pleasure of fighting him (Mr. Pickwick) for the amount !

'You are mad,' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'Or drunk,' said Mr. Winkle.

'Or both,' said Mr. Tupman.

'Come on !' said the cab-driver, sparring away like clockwork. 'Come on—all four on you.'

'Here's a lark !' shouted half a dozen hackney coachmen. 'Go to vork, Sam'—and they crowded with great glee round the party.

'What's the row, Sam ?' inquired one gentleman in black calico sleeves.

'Row !' replied the cabman, 'what did he want my number for ?'

'I didn't want your number,' said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

'What did you take it for, then ?' inquired the cabman.

'I didn't take it,' said Mr. Pickwick indignantly.

'Would anybody believe,' continued the cab-driver, appealing to the crowd, 'would anybody believe as an informer 'ud go about in a man's cab, not only taking down his number, but ev'ry word he says into the bargain' (a light flashed upon Mr. Pickwick—it was the notebook).

'Did he though ?' inquired another cabman.

'Yes, did he,' replied the first ; 'and then arter aggerawatin' me to assault him, gets three witnesses here to prove it. But I'll give it him, if I've six months for

it. Come on !' and the cabman dashed his hat upon the ground, with a reckless disregard of his own private property, and knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, and followed up the attack with a blow on Mr. Pickwick's nose, and another on Mr. Pickwick's chest, and a third in Mr. Snodgrass's eye, and a fourth, by way of variety, in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat, and then danced into the road, and then back again to the pavement, and finally dashed the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Winkle's body ; and all in half a dozen seconds.

' Where 's an officer ? ' said Mr. Snodgrass.

' Put 'em under the pump,' suggested a hot-pieman.

' You shall smart for this,' gasped Mr. Pickwick.

' Informers ! ' shouted the crowd.

' Come on,' cried the cabman, who had been sparring without cessation the whole time.

The mob hitherto had been passive spectators of the scene, but as the intelligence of the Pickwickians being informers was spread among them, they began to canvass with considerable vivacity the propriety of enforcing the heated pastry-vendor's proposition : and there is no saying what acts of personal aggression they might have committed, had not the affray been unexpectedly terminated by the interposition of a new-comer.

' What 's the fun ? ' said a rather tall, thin, young man, in a green coat, emerging suddenly from the coach-yard.

' Informers ! ' shouted the crowd again.

' We are not,' roared Mr. Pickwick, in a tone which, to any dispassionate listener, carried conviction with it.

' Ain't you, though—ain't you ? ' said the young man,

appealing to Mr. Pickwick, and making his way through the crowd by the infallible process of elbowing the countenances of its component members.

That learned man in a few hurried words explained the real state of the case.

‘Come along, then,’ said he of the green coat lugging Mr. Pickwick after him by main force, and talking the whole way. ‘Here, No. 924, take your fare, and take yourself off—respectable gentleman—know him well—none of your nonsense—this way, sir—where’s your friends?—all a mistake, I see—never mind—accidents will happen—best regulated families—never say die—down upon your luck—pull him up—put that in his pipe—like the flavour—damned rascals.’ And with a lengthened string of similar broken sentences, delivered with extraordinary volubility, the stranger led the way to the travellers’ waiting-room, whither he was closely followed by Mr. Pickwick and his disciples.

‘Here, waiter!’ shouted the stranger, ringing the bell with tremendous violence, ‘glasses round—brandy-and-water, hot and strong, and sweet, and plenty—eye damaged, sir? Waiter! raw beef-steak for the gentleman’s eye—nothing like raw beef-steak for a bruise, sir; cold lamp-post very good, but lamp-post inconvenient—damned odd standing in the open street half an hour, with your eye against a lamp-post—eh—very good—ha! ha!’ And the stranger, without stopping to take breath, swallowed at a draught full half a pint of the reeking brandy-and-water, and flung himself into a chair with as much ease as if nothing uncommon had occurred.

While his three companions were busily engaged in proffering their thanks to their new acquaintance, Mr. Pickwick had leisure to examine his costume and appearance.

He was about the middle height, but the thinness of his body, and the length of his legs, gave him the appearance of being much taller. The green coat had been a smart dress garment in the days of swallow-tails, but had evidently in those times adorned a much shorter man than the stranger, for the soiled and faded sleeves scarcely reached to his wrists. It was buttoned closely up to his chin, at the imminent hazard of splitting the back ; and an old stock, without a vestige of shirt collar, ornamented his neck. His scanty black trousers displayed here and there those shiny patches which bespeak long service, and were strapped very tightly over a pair of patched and mended shoes, as if to conceal the dirty white stockings, which were nevertheless distinctly visible. His long, black hair escaped in negligent waves from beneath each side of his old pinched-up hat ; and glimpses of his bare wrists might be observed between the tops of his gloves and the cuffs of his coat sleeves. His face was thin and haggard ; but an indescribable air of jaunty impudence and perfect self-possession pervaded the whole man.

Such was the individual on whom Mr. Pickwick gazed through his spectacles (which he had fortunately recovered), and to whom he proceeded, when his friends had exhausted themselves, to return in chosen terms his warmest thanks for his recent assistance.

‘Never mind,’ said the stranger, cutting the address very

short, 'said enough—no more ; smart chap that cabman—handled his fives well ; but if I 'd been your friend in the green jemmy—damn me—punch his head 'cod I would—pig's whisper—pieman too—no gammon.'

This coherent speech was interrupted by the entrance of the Rochester coachman, to announce that the commodore was on the point of starting.

'Commodore !' said the stranger, starting up, 'my coach—place booked—one outside—leave you to pay for the brandy-and-water—want change for a five—bad silver—Brummagem buttons—won't do—no go—eh ?' and he shook his head most knowingly.

Now it so happened that Mr. Pickwick and his three companions had resolved to make Rochester their first halting-place too ; and having intimated to their new-found acquaintance that they were journeying to the same city, they agreed to occupy the seat at the back of the coach, where they could all sit together.

'Up with you,' said the stranger, assisting Mr. Pickwick on to the roof with so much precipitation as to impair the gravity of that gentleman's deportment very materially.

'Any luggage, sir ?' inquired the coachman.

'Who—I ? Brown paper parcel here, that's all—other luggage gone by water—packing-cases, nailed up—big as houses—heavy, heavy, damned heavy,' replied the stranger, as he forced into his pocket as much as he could of the brown paper parcel, which presented most suspicious indications of containing one shirt and a handkerchief.

'Heads, heads—take care of your heads !' cried the loquacious stranger, as they came out under the low

archway, which in those days formed the entrance to the coach-yard. 'Terrible place—dangerous work—other day—five children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking, shocking! Looking at Whitehall, sir?—fine place—little window—somebody else's head off there, eh, sir?—he didn't keep a sharp look-out enough either—eh, sir, eh?'

'I am ruminating,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'on the strange mutability of human affairs.'

Charles Dickens : The Pickwick Papers.



SPORTS

BESIDES, that we may begin with the pastimes of the boys (as we have all been boys), annually, on the day which is called Shrove-Tuesday, the boys of the respective schools bring to the masters each one his Fighting-cock, and they are indulged all the morning with seeing their cocks fight in the school-room. After dinner, all the youth of the City go into the field of the suburbs,¹ and address themselves to the famous game of Football. The scholars of each school have their peculiar ball; and the particular trades have most of them theirs. The elders of the City, the fathers of the parties, and the rich and the wealthy, come to the field on horseback, in order to behold the exercises of the youth, and in appearance are

¹ Smithfield and Moorfields.

themselves as youthful as the youngest ; their natural heat seeming to be revived at the sight of so much agility, and in a participation of the diversions of their festive sons.

Every Sunday in Lent, a nobler train of young men take the field, after dinner, well mounted on horses of the best mettle, of which

Each steed's well taught to gallop in a ring.

The lay-sons of the citizens rush out of the gates in shoals, furnished with lances and shields ; the younger sort with javelins pointed, but disarmed of their steel ; they ape the feats of war, and act the sham-fight, practising the agonistic exercises of that kind. If the King happens to be near the City, many courtiers honour them with their presence, together with the juvenile part of the households of the Bishops, Earls, and Barons, such as are not yet dignified with the honour of Knighthood, and are desirous of trying their skill. The hope of victory excites their emulation. The generous chargers neigh and champ the bit. At length, when the course begins, and the youthful combatants are divided into classes or parties, one body retreats, and another pursues, without being able to come up with them ; whilst in another quarter the pursuers overtake the foe, unhorse them, and pass them many a length.

At Easter, the diversion is prosecuted on the water ; a target is strongly fastened to a trunk or mast fixed in the middle of the river, and a youngster standing upright in the stern of a boat, made to move as fast as the oars and the current can carry it, is to strike the target with his

lance ; and if in hitting it he breaks his lance, and keeps his place in the boat, he gains his point, and triumphs ; but if it happens the lance is not shivered by the force of the blow, he is of course tumbled into the water, and away goes his vessel without him. However, a couple of boats full of young men are placed, one on each side of the target, so as to be ready to take up the unsuccessful adventurer, the moment he emerges from the stream and comes fairly to the surface. The bridge, and the balconies on the banks, are filled with spectators, whose business is to laugh.

On Holidays, in summer, the pastime of the youth is to exercise themselves in Archery, in running, leaping, wrestling, casting of stones, and flinging to certain distances, and lastly, with bucklers. The maidens, as soon as the moon rises, dance to the guitar, and with their nimble movements, shake the ground. In the winter Holidays, the youth are entertained in a morning with boars fighting to the last gasp, as likewise with hogs full tusked, intended to be converted into bacon ; or game bulls, and bears of a large bulk, are baited with dogs. And when that vast lake which waters the walls of the City towards the north¹ is hard frozen, the youth in great numbers go to divert themselves on the ice. Some taking a small run, for an increment of velocity, place their feet at the proper distance, and are carried, sliding sideways, a great way ; others will make a large cake of ice, and seating one of their companions upon it, they take hold of one another's hands and draw him along ;

¹ Finsbury (Fensbury) and Moorfields.

when it sometimes happens, that moving swiftly on so slippery a plain, they all fall down headlong. Others there are who are still more expert in these amusements on the ice, they place certain bones, the leg-bones of some animal, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then taking a pole, shod with iron, into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried along with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow. Sometimes two of them, thus furnished, agree to start opposite one to another, at a great distance ; they meet, elevate their poles, attack and strike each other, when one or both of them fall, and not without some bodily hurt ; and even after their fall, they shall be carried a good distance from each other, by the rapidity of the motion ; and whatever part of your head comes upon the ice, it is sure to be laid bare to the scull. Very often the leg or the arm of the party that falls, if he chances to light upon either, is broken : but youth is an age ambitious of glory, fond and covetous of victory ; and that in future time it may acquit itself boldly and valiantly in real engagements, it will run these hazards in sham ones. Many of the citizens take great delight in fowling, with merlins, hawks, and such like, as likewise in hunting ; and they have a right and privilege of hunting in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, in all the Chiltern country, and in Kent, as far as the river Cray.

*William Fitz-Stephen : Life of St. Thomas (à Becket),
Archbishop and Martyr. [Flor. 1170.] Translated
by Dr. Samuel Pegge, 1772*

FEASTS

THE first time that the Guildhall was used on festive occasions, was by Sir John Shaw, goldsmith, knighted in the field of Bosworth. After building the essentials of good kitchens and other offices, in the year 1500 he gave here the mayor's feast, which before had usually been done in Grocers-hall. None of their bills of fare have reached me, but doubtlessly they were very magnificent. They at length grew to such excess, that, in the time of Philip and Mary, a sumptuary law was made to restrain the expence both of provisions and liveries : but I suspect, as it lessened the honor of the city, it was not long observed ; for in 1554, the city thought proper to renew the order of council, by way of reminding their fellow-citizens of their relapse into luxury. Among the great feasts given here on public occasions, may be reckoned that given in 1612, on occasion of the unhappy marriage of the prince Palatine with Elizabeth, daughter of James I. ; who, in defiance of the remonstrances of his better-judging father-in-law, rushed on the usurpation of the dominion of another monarch, and brought great misery on himself and his amiable spouse. The next was in 1641, when Charles I. returned from his imprudent, ineffacious journey into Scotland. In the midst of the most factious and turbulent times, when every engine was set to work to annihilate the regal power, the city, under its lord mayor, Sir William Acton, made a feast unparalleled in history for its magnificence. All external respect was paid to his majesty ; the last he ever experienced in the

FEASTS

inflamed city. Of the entertainment we know no more, than that it consisted of five hundred dishes. But of that which was given in our happier days, to his present majesty in the mayoralty of Sir Samuel Fludyer, the bill of fare is given us. This I print ; and, as a parallel to it, that of another royal feast, given in 1487 at Whitehall, on occasion of the coronation of Elizabeth, queen of Henry VII, whom he treats with characteristical œconomy, notwithstanding a kingdom was her dower.

THE KING'S TABLE. GEORGE III, 1761

First Service

	£	s.	d.
12 Dishes of Olio, Turtle, Pottages, and Soups	24	2	0
12 Ditto of Fish, viz. John Dories, red Mullets, &c.	24	2	0
7 Ditto roast Venison	10	0	0
3 Westphalia Hams consume, and richly ornamented	6	6	0
2 Dishes of Pullets à la Royale	2	2	0
2 Dishes of Tongue Espagniole	3	3	0
6 Ditto Chickens à la Reine	6	6	0
1 Ditto Tondron Devaux à la Dauzie	2	2	0
1 Harrico	1	1	0
1 Dish Popiets of Veale Glasse	1	4	0
2 Dishes Fillets of Lamb, à la Comte	2	2	0
2 Ditto Comports of Squabs	2	2	0
2 Ditto Fillets of Beef Marinate	3	0	0
2 Ditto of Mutton à la Memorance	2	2	0
32 Ditto fine Vegetables	16	16	0

A LONDON OMNIBUS

Second Service

	£	s.	d.
6 Dishes fine Ortolans	25	4	0
10 Ditto Quails	15	0	0
10 Ditto Notts	30	0	0
1 Ditto Wheat Ears	1	1	0
1 Goodevau Patte	1	10	0
1 Perrigoe Pye	1	10	0
1 Dish Pea-chicks	1	1	0
4 Dishes Woodcocks	4	4	0
2 Dishes Pheasants	3	3	0
4 Ditto Teal	3	3	0
4 Ditto Snipes	3	3	0
2 Ditto Partridges	2	2	0
2 Ditto Pattys Royal	3	0	0

Third Service

1 Ragout Royal	1	1	0
8 Dishes of fine green Morells	8	8	0
10 Ditto fine green Peas	10	10	0
3 Ditto Asparagus Heads	2	2	0
3 Ditto fine fat Livers	1	11	6
3 Ditto fine Combs	1	11	6
5 Ditto green Truffles	5	5	0
5 Ditto Artichoaks, à la Provinciale	2	12	6
5 Ditto Mushrooms au Blank	2	12	6
1 Dish Cardons, à la Bejamel	0	10	6
1 Ditto Knots of Eggs	0	10	6
1 Ditto Ducks Tongues	0	10	6

FEASTS

	£	s.	d.
3 Ditto of Peths	1	11	6
1 Dish of Truffles in Oil	0	10	6
4 Dishes of Pallets	2	2	0
2 Ditto Ragout Mille	2	2	0

Fourth Service

2 Curious ornamented Cakes	2	12	0
12 Dishes of Blomanges, representing different Figures	12	12	0
12 Ditto clear Marbrays	14	8	0
16 Ditto fine cut Pastry	16	16	0
2 Ditto mille Fuelles	1	10	6

The Centre of the Table

1 Grand Pyramid of Demies of Shell- fish of various Sorts	2	2	0
32 Cold Things of Sorts, viz. Temples, Shapes, Landscapes in Jellies, savory Cakes, and Almond Gothes	33	12	0
2 Grand Epergnes filled with fine Pickles, and garnished round with Plates of Sorts, as Laspicks Rolards, &c.	6	6	0

Total of the KING's Table	£374	1	0
---------------------------	------	---	---

The whole of this day's entertainment cost the city £6,898, 5s. 4d. A committee had been appointed out of

the body of aldermen, who most deservedly received the thanks of the lord mayor and whole body corporate, for the skilful discharge of this important trust. The feast consisted of four hundred and fourteen dishes, besides the desert ; and the hospitality of the city, and the elegance of the entertainment, might vie with any that had ever preceded.

NUPTIAL TABLE. HENRY VII

First Course

A Warner byfor the Course
 Sheldes of Brawne in Armor
 Frumetye with Venison
 Bruet riche
 Hart powdered graunt Chars
 Fesaunt intram de Royall
 Swan with Chawdron
 Capons of high Goe
 Lampervey in Galantine
 Crane with Cretney
 Pik in Latymer Sawce
 Heronusew with his Sique
 Carpe in Foile
 Kid reversed
 Perche in Jelye depte
 Conys of high Grece
 Moten Roiall richely garnyshed
 Valance baked
 Custarde Royall
 Tarte Poleyn

Leyse Damask
Frutt Synoper
Frutt Formage
A Soteltie, with writing of Balads.

Second Course

A Warner byfor the Course
Joly Ypocras
Mamane with Lozengs of Golde
Pekok in Hakell
Bittowre
Fesawnte
Browes
Egrets in Beorwetye
Cokks
Patrieche
Sturgyn freshe Fenell
Plovers
Rabett Sowker
Seyle in Fenyn entirely served richely
Red Shankks
Snytes
Quayles
Larkes ingraylede
Creves de Endence
Venesone in Paste Royall
Quince Baked
Marche Payne Royall
A colde bake Mete flourishede

Lethe Ciprus
Lethe Rube
Fruter Augeo
Fruter Mouniteyne
Castells of Jely in Temple wise made
A Soteltie.

These Sotelties, or Subtilities as they were called, were the ornamental part of the desert, and were extremely different from those in present use. In the inthronization feast of archibishop Wareham, on March 9th, 1504, the first course was preceded by 'a warner,¹ conveyed upon a rounde boorde of viii panes, with viii towres embatteled and made with flowres, standynge on every towre a bedil in his habite, with his staffe : and in the same boorde, first the king syttinge in his parliament, with his lordes about hym in their robes ; and Saint Wylliam, lyke an archbishop, sytting on the ryght hand of the kyng : then the chaunceler of Oxforde, with other doctors about hym, presented the said lord Wylliam, kneelyng, in a doctor's habite, unto the kyng, with his commend of vertue and cunnyng, &c. &c. And on the third boorde of the same warner, the Holy Ghoste appeared with bryght beames procedyng from hym of the gyftes of grace towarde the sayde lorde of the feaste.' This is a specimen of the antient sotelties. This was a Lenten feast of the most luxurious kind. Many of the sotelties were suited to the occasion, and of the legendary

¹ A warner was the first soteltie, and which preceded or gave warning of the courses. See Leland's *Collect*, vi. 21.

FEASTS

nature ; others historical ; but all, without doubt, contrived ‘with great cunningge.’

To these scenes of luxury and gluttony, let me oppose the simple fare at a feast of the Wax-chandlers, on Oct. 28th, 1478. These were a flourishing company in the days of old, when gratitude to saints called so frequently for lights. How many thousands of wax candles were consumed on those occasions, and what quantities the expiatory offerings of private persons, none can enumerate. Candle-mass day wasted its thousands, and those all blessed by the priests, and adjured in solemn terms. ‘I adjure thee, O waxen creature, that thou repel the devil and his sprights, &c. &c.’ Certainly this company, which was incorporated in 1484, might have afforded a more delicate feast than

	£	s.	d.
Two loins of Mutton, and two loins of Veal	0	1	4
A loin of Beef	0	0	4
A leg of Mutton	0	0	2½
A Pig	0	0	4
A Capon	0	0	6
A Coney	0	0	2
One dozen of Pigeons	0	0	7
A hundred Eggs	0	0	8½
A Goose	0	0	6
A Gallon of Red Wine	0	0	8
A Kilderkin of Ale	0	0	8
	£0	6	0

Thomas Pennant : Of London : 1790.

PURITAN REGULATIONS

DURING the gloomy reign of triumphant fanaticism that distinguished the memorable period of the civil wars, the people were subjected to many restrictions, and severely mulcted for slight offences, particularly if committed on the Sabbath. Even 'trimming of beards,' on the Lord's day, and 'travelling' on Fast days, were forbidden, (as well as those real breaches of good manners, swearing and drunkenness), as will be seen by the following entries, which appear in the books of St. Giles's parish.

	£	s.	d.
1641. Rec ^d of the Vintner at the Catt in Queene Street, for p'mitting of tipling on the Lord's day	1	10	0
1644. Rec ^d of three poore men, for drinking on the Sabbath daie at Tottenham Court	0	4	0
1645. Rec ^d of John Seagood, constable, which he had of a Frenchman, for swearing three oathes	0	3	0
„ Rec ^d of Mrs. Thunder, by the hands of Francis Potter, for her being drunk, and swearing seaven oathes	0	12	0
1646. Rec ^d of Mr. Hooker, for brewing on a Fast day	0	2	6
„ Rec ^d of four men, travelling on the Fast day	0	1	0

PURITAN REGULATIONS

1646.	Rec ^d of Mr. Wetherill, headboro', which he had of one for an oath	£	s.	d.
		0	3	4
1648.	Rec ^d from the Citty Marshall, sent by the Lord Mayor, for one that was drunke at the Forts ¹ in our parish	0	5	0
„	Rec ^d from Isabel Johnson, at ye Coleyard, for drinking on the Sabbath day	0	4	0
1652.	Rec ^d of Mr. Huxley and Mr. Morris, who were riding out of town in sermon time on a Fast day	0	11	0
1654.	Rec ^d of William Glover, in Queen Street, and of Isaac Thomas, a Barber, in Holborn, for trimming of bearde on the Lorde's day	<i>The sum is not stated</i>		
1655.	Rec ^d of a Mayd taken in Mrs. Jackson's ale-house on the Sabbath day	0	5	0
„	Rec ^d of a Scotchman drinking at Robert Owen's on the Sabbath	0	2	0
1658.	Rec ^d of Joseph Piers, for refusing to open his doores to have his house searched on the Lorde's daie	0	10	0
1659.	<i>An entry occurs of one Brooke's goods sold for breach of the Sabbath, but the produce is not set down.</i>			

Edward Wedlake Brayley : Londiniana : 1828.

¹ The Forts, most probably, was the Redoubt with two flanks, which had been constructed near St. Giles's Pound, by order of Parliament, in 1643, when the whole of London was surrounded by earthen lines and fortifications.

DR. JOHNSON SAYS . . .

I SUGGESTED a doubt, that if I were to reside in London, the exquisite zest with which I relished it in occasional visits might go off, and I might grow tired of it. JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, you find no man, at all intellectual, who is willing to leave London. No, Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life ; for there is in London all that life can afford.'

*

He said, too, 'London is nothing to some people ; but to a man whose pleasure is intellectual London is the place. And there is no place where economy can be so well practised as in London : more can be had here for the money, even by ladies, than anywhere else. You cannot play tricks with your fortune in a small place ; you must make an uniform appearance. Here a lady may have well-furnished apartments, and elegant dress, without any meat in her kitchen.'

I was amused by considering with how much ease and coolness he could write or talk to a friend, exhorting him not to suppose that happiness was not to be found as well in other places as in London ; when he himself was at all times sensible of its being, comparatively speaking, a heaven upon earth. The truth is, that by those who from sagacity, attention and experience, have learnt the full advantage of London, its pre-eminence over every other place, not only for variety of enjoyment, but for comfort, will be felt with a philosophical exultation.

CLUBS

The freedom from remark and petty censure, with which life may be passed there, is a circumstance which a man who knows the teasing restraint of a narrow circle must relish highly. Mr. Burke, whose orderly and amiable domestic habits might make the eye of observation less irksome to him than to most men, said once very pleasantly, in my hearing, ‘Though I have the honour to represent Bristol, I should not like to live there ; I should be obliged to be so much *upon my good behaviour*.’ In London, a man may live in splendid society at one time, and in frugal retirement at another, without animadversion. There, and there alone, a man’s house is truly his *castle*, in which he can be in perfect safety from intrusion whenever he pleases. I shall never forget how well this was expressed to me one day by Mr. Meynell : ‘The chief advantage of London,’ said he, ‘is, that a man is always *so near his burrow*.’

Boswell’s Life of Johnson.



CLUBS

THE only men who, as I opine, ought to be allowed the use of Clubs, are married men without a profession. The continual presence of these in a house cannot be thought, even by the most uxorious of wives, desirable. Say the girls are beginning to practise their music, which, in an honourable English family, ought to occupy every young gentlewoman three hours ; it would be rather hard to call upon poor papa to sit in the drawing-room all

that time, and listen to the interminable discords and shrieks which are elicited from the miserable piano during the above necessary operation. A man with a good ear, especially, would go mad if compelled daily to submit to this horror.

Or suppose you have a fancy to go to the milliner's, or to Howell and James's, it is manifest, my dear Madam, that your husband is much better at the Club during these operations than by your side in the carriage, or perched in wonder upon one of the stools at Shawl and Gimcrack's, whilst young counter-dandies are displaying their wares.

This sort of husbands should be sent out after breakfast, and if not Members of Parliament, or Directors of a Railroad or an Insurance Company, should be put into their Clubs, and told to remain there until dinner-time. No sight is more agreeable to my truly well-regulated mind than to see the noble characters so worthily employed. Whenever I pass by St. James's Street, having the privilege, like the rest of the world, of looking in at the windows of 'Blight's,' or 'Foodle's,' or 'Snook's,' or the great bay at the 'Contemplative Club,' I behold with respectful appreciation the figures within—the honest rosy old fogies, the mouldy old dandies, the waistbelts and glossy wigs and tight cravats of those most vacuous and respectable men. Such men are best there during the daytime surely. When you part with them, dear ladies, think of the rapture consequent on their return. You have transacted your household affairs; you have made your purchases; you have paid your visits; you have aired your poodle in the Park; your



Dandies and Dandyzettes, Hyde Park, 1818.

TOWN AND COUNTRY

French maid has completed the toilette which renders you so ravishly beautiful by candlelight, and you are fit to make home pleasant to him who has been absent all day.

Such men surely ought to have their Clubs, and we will not class them among Club Snobs therefore—on whom let us reserve our attack for the next chapter.

W. M. Thackeray : The Book of Snobs.



TOWN AND COUNTRY

IN London I never know what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that ;
I'm wild with the sweets of Variety's plan,
And Life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the Country, God help me ! sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning to night ;
Oh ! it settles the spirits when nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

In town if it rain, why it damps not our hope,
The eye has her choice, and the fancy her scope ;
What harm though it pour whole nights or whole days ?
It spoils not our prospects, or stops not our ways.

In the country what bliss, when it rains in the fields,
To live on the transports that shuttlecock yields ;
Or go crawling from window to window, to see
A pig on a dunghill, or crow on a tree.

In London, if folks ill together are put,
A *bore* may be dropp'd, and a *quiz* may be cut :
We change without end ; and if lazy or ill,
All wants are at hand, and all wishes at will.

In the country you 're nail'd, like a pale in the park,
To some *stick* of a neighbour that 's cramm'd in the ark ;
And 'tis odds, if you 're hurt, or in fits tumble down,
You reach death ere the doctor can reach you from town.

In London how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure 's the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat ;
Our morning 's a round of good humour'd delight,
And we rattle, in comfort, to pleasure at night.

In the country, how sprightly ! our visits we make
Through ten miles of mud, for Formality's sake ;
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,
And no thought in your head but a ditch or a bog.

In London the spirits are cheerful and light,
All places are gay and all faces are bright ;
We 've ever new joys, and reviv'd by each whim,
Each day on a fresh tide of pleasure we swim.

But how gay in the country ! what summer delight
To be waiting for winter from morning to night !
Then the fret of impatience gives exquisite glee
To relish the sweet rural objects we see.

In town we 've no use for the skies overhead,
For when the sun rises then we go to bed ;
And as to that old-fashioned virgin the moon,
She shines out of season, like satin in June.

In the country these planets delightfully glare
Just to show us the object we want isn't there :
Oh, how cheering and gay, when their beauties arise,
To sit and gaze round with the tears in one's eyes !

But 'tis in the country alone we can find
That happy resource, that relief to the mind,
When, drove to despair, our last effort we make,
And drag the old fish-pond, for Novelty's sake :

Indeed I must own, 'tis a pleasure complete
To see ladies well draggled and wet in their feet ;
But what is all that to the transport we feel
When we capture, in triumph, two toads and an eel ?

I have heard though, that love in a cottage is sweet,
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet :
That 's to come—for as yet I, alas ! am a swain
Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

Your magpies and stock-doves may flirt among trees,
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please ;
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree
And for groves, oh ! a good grove of chimneys for me.

In the country, if Cupid should find a man out,
The poor tortured victim mopes hopeless about ;
But in London, thank heaven ! our peace is secure,
Where for one eye to kill, there 's a thousand to cure.

I know Love 's a devil, too subtle to spy,
That shoots through the soul, from the beam of an eye ;
But in London these devils so quick fly about,
That a new devil still drives an old devil out.

In town let me live then, in town let me die ;
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall !

Captain Charles Morris : Lyra Urbanica.



THE BERNERS STREET HOAX

BUT the most inexcusable and most mischievous—far more so, probably, in the event than its contrivers anticipated—of all these youthful pranks was the gigantic 'Berners-street Hoax,' perpetrated in 1809. Not merely, in this case, were the comforts of a single family suspended, or a few movables demolished, but a quarter of the town was disturbed—a whole street was thrown into a state of uproar, which lasted from morning till night—hundreds of individuals, servants, artizans, tradesmen, great and small, from all parts of London, professional

men of every class, not to speak of princes, potentates, and nobles of high degree, swelled the catalogue of the victims ; the police were employed to trace out the delinquents ; rewards were offered for their apprehension. Neither the 'Cock-lane Ghost,' nor the Cato-street conspiracy, produced a greater amount of popular excitement, or furnished a more abundant crop of 'latest particulars.' A previous trick of the kind had been played, on a smaller scale, upon an unfortunate Quaker, by Hook alone, and the success which attended it probably led to a more complete development of the idea. On this occasion, however, the confederates, Mr. H—— and Mrs. ——, a celebrated actress still alive, were called into council ; six weeks were spent in preparation, during which time about four thousand letters were dispatched, all, under various pretences, inviting the several recipients to call on a certain day at the house of a Mrs. Tottenham, a lady of property, residing at No. 54 Berners-street, and who had, on some account, fallen under the displeasure of this formidable trio.

Scarce had the eventful morning begun to break, ere the neighbourhood resounded with the cries of 'sweep,' uttered in every variety of tone, and proceeding from crowds of sooty urchins and their masters, who had assembled by five o'clock beneath the windows of the devoted No. 54. In the midst of the wrangling of the rival professors, and protestations of the repudiating housemaid, heavy waggons laden with chaldrons of coals from the different wharves, came rumbling up the street, blockading the thoroughfare, impeding one another,

crushing and struggling to reach the same goal, amid a hurricane of imprecations from the respective *conducteurs*. Now among the gathering crowd, cleanly, cook-like men were to be seen, cautiously making their way, each with a massive wedding-cake under his arm ; tailors, boot-makers, upholders, undertakers with coffins, draymen with beer-barrels, &c., succeeded in shoals, and long before the cumbrous coal-waggons were enabled to move off, about a dozen travelling chariots and four, all ready for the reception of as many 'happy pairs,' came dashing up to the spot. Medical men with instruments for the amputation of limbs, attorneys prepared to cut off entails, clergymen summoned to minister to the mind, and artists engaged to pourtray the features of the body, unable to draw near in vehicles, plunged manfully into the mob. Noon came, and with it about forty fish-mongers, bearing forty 'cod and lobsters,' as many butchers, with an equal number of legs of mutton, and as the confusion reached its height, and the uproar became terrific, and the consternation of the poor old lady grew to be bordering on temporary insanity, up drove the great Lord Mayor himself—state carriage, cocked hats, silk stockings, bag wigs and all, to the intense gratification of Hook and his two associates, who, snugly ensconced in an apartment opposite, were witnessing the triumph of their scheme.

All this, perhaps, was comparatively common-place, and within the range of a mediocre 'joker of jokes.' There were features, however, in the Berners-street hoax, independently of its originality, which distinguished

it for wit and *méchanceté*, far above any of the numberless imitations to which it gave rise. Every family, it is said, has its secret, some point tender to the touch, some circumstance desirable to be suppressed; according to the proverb 'there is a skeleton in every house,' and as a matter of course the more eminent and conspicuous the master of the house, the more busy are men's tongues with his private affairs, and the more likely are they to get scent of any concealed subject of annoyance. Completely familiar with London gossip, and by no means scrupulous in the use of any information he might possess, Hook addressed a variety of persons of consideration, taking care to introduce allusion to some peculiar point sure of attracting attention, and invariably closing with an invitation to No. 54, Berners-street. Certain revelations to be made respecting a complicated system of fraud pursued at the Bank of England, brought the Governor of that establishment, a similar device was employed to allure the Chairman of the East India Company, while the Duke of Gloucester started off with his equerry to receive a communication from a dying woman, formerly a confidential attendant on His Royal Highness's mother. His were the royal liveries conspicuous on the occasion, the Duke of York was not, we have reason to believe, included in the hoax.

The consequences of this affair threatened to be serious, many of the beguiled tradesmen and others, who had suffered in person or in purse, took active measures towards bringing the charge home to the principal offender, who was pretty generally suspected. Such,

however, was the precaution that had been observed, that the attempt proved fruitless, and the inquiry fell to the ground, and Theodore Hook, after a temporary visit to the country, returned unmolested, and more famous than ever, to his usual occupations.

*Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham : The Life and Remains
of Theodore Edward Hook : 1849.*



MIDSUMMER

IN the Moneths of June, and July, on the Vigiles of festivall dayes, and on the same festivall dayes in the Evenings after the Sunne setting, there were usually made Bonefiers in the streetes, every man bestowing wood or labour towards them : the wealthier sort also before their doores neare to the said Bonefiers, would set out Tables on the Vigiles, furnished with sweete breade, and good drinke, and on the Festivall dayes with meates and drinks plentifully, whereunto they would invite their neighbours and passengers also to sit, and bee merrie with them in great familiaritie, praying God for his benefites bestowed on them. These were called Bonefiers as well of good amitie amongst neighbours that, being before at controversie, were there by the labour of others, reconciled, and made of bitter enemies, loving friendes, as also for the vertue that a great fire hath to purge the infection of the ayre. On the Vigil of Saint John Baptist, and on Saint

Peter and Paule the Apostles, every mans doore being shadowed with greene Birch, long Fennel, Saint Johns wort, Orpin, white Lillies, and such like, garnished upon with Garlands of beautifull flowers, had also Lampes of glasse, with oyle burning in them all the night, some hung out braunches of yron curiously wrought, contayning hundreds of Lampes light at once, which made a goodly shew, namely in new Fishstreet, Thames streete, &c. Then had ye besides the standing watches, all in bright harnes in every ward and streete of this Citie and Suburbs, a marching watch, that passed through the principal streets thereof, to wit, from the little Conduit by Paules gate, through west Cheape, by y^e Stocks, through Cornhill, by Leaden hall to Aldgate, then backe downe Fenchurch streete, by Grasse church, aboute Grasse church Conduite, and up Grasse church streete into Cornhill, and through it into west Cheape againe.

John Stow : A Survey of London : 1603.



FROST FAIR:

A LAMENT. BY TOM TUG

VELL, blow me tight, but here's a go ! I can't hardly
believe my eyes,
It's a rig'lar Bartlemy Fair afloat, vith its stalls, and
peep-shows, and t'ys,
And vonderful lambs vithout niver a head, and vonder-
fuller pigs with three ;

And ships a swimmin' about in the air, instead of on the
water, vere they orts to be ;
And chaps a selling peppermint to keep the cold out, vich
is jest the vorst thing under the sun ;
And people a having their names printed on cards, vot
can't read 'em ven they 're done ;
And lads and lasses a dancing and singing, and up to all
manner o' queer raps ;
And fat sheep a roasting whole, but not a bit for us poor
amphibilous chaps ;
And fellers a playing at nine pins on the ice, vot can't
stand on their own two ;
And ticket porters a stopping to see Punch, instead of going
on their arrans, as they orts to do ;
And firemen a cutting about here and there, as big and
grand as any lord or squire,
Vith their red coats and badges—I s'pose they 're afeard
o' someb'dy's setting the Thames afire—
And booths up and down of all sorts and sizes, till it looks
like a Boothia Felix quite,
Vith the moniment for the North Pole—that is, ven the
fog and smoke 'll let you git a sight—
And the turnpike men off the warios bridges, vith no-
think in the vorld to do all day
But go to sleep on their rusty turnstiles, for in course
people ain't sitch spoons as to pay
To pass thro' their rewolving plate-warmers, ven they can
go over the vater free ;
Vich I don't care so much for the bridge chaps, 'cause
they does a good deal o' harm to we.

As for Billingsgate Market, the trade there 's downright
flat, ruined and dead ;
The fine fresh soles can't come up to be cried, and so they
cries cast-metal skates instead.
I always thought sitch things vos regilated by act of
parlyment, and proclaimed by the Lord Mayor ;
I knows a bit o' Burnses's Justice, I does ; and my
opinion is, it aint a legle fair.
It 's a nice look-out, ain't it, for a young man vot the
vater 's his only bread ?
I 'm blowed if I don't think I shall cut the river, and take
to the land instead,
And labour for the adwantage o' science—body-snatching,
I mean—for where 's the harm, ifegs !
Ven their ain't no further demand for skulls, to try to do
a little bisness in arms and legs ?
As for the vind, I think it 'll never be nothink but due
nor' again :
I often looks up at the weathercock, but bless your heart,
it 's all in *vane* !
Poor fellers ! as Shakespear says, our occipation's rig'lar
done up, and no mistake,
Vot vith von thing or another (vich von misfortin, you
know, always brings another in its wake).
I don't like to say nothink unliberal or unvatermanlike,
but this I vill say, the ruin of us is
Them tarnation, smoking, steaming, fizzing, pothering,
unnattaral-looking water-buses.
Unnattaral, *I say*—for who ever meant wessels to go on
wheels ? or a nasty, long, curly, black,

Stinking, pothery pennant o' smoke to take place o' the
British Union Jack ?

And as if that vosn't enough, to spoil our trade and set all
our poor old hearts a breaking,

Mr. Brunel must come to finish us up, poor wretches !
with his horrid *undertaking*.

Mister B. is a wery ambitious man, that 's vot he is, and
his work a wery great bore :

But, thank heav'n ! it 'll be a long time before his tunnel
(whatever his fame may do) reaches from shore to
shore.

I never gets a sight o' nothink good now—beefsteaks, nor
anything else that 's nice :

No ingins (except steam ingins), and you may count my
ribs (tho' you can't the ribs of ice).

I did a job for a confectioner t'other day, as vos a trying to
larn to skate,

But his heels tript up right bang, and down he fell on the
back of his pate.

Vell, up I vips him in my arms, and carries him straight off
home in a trice.

I *did* think I should get a glass of grog for that job, but,
says he, ' Von't you take a ice ? '

' No, Sir,' says I, walking off wery indignant, and looking
jest as sour as sour crout,

' Ven I takes a drop o' liquor I al'ys has it " varm vith "—
I doesn't like " cold vithout ".'

But it 's no use talking, for talking only makes one more
hungrier and more drier :

LONDON POOL

And the heat of argiment 's wery unlike the heat of a
good kitchen fire.

I 'm as dry as an old boat, vot ain't good for nothink in life
but to knock up and burn ;

And so I sees plain enough suicide 's the only side on vich
I can turn.

Bless you, I 'm as hollow as a drum, and as thin as any
poor devil of a church mouse ;

So here goes for the fatal plunge—what 's a plunge more
or less to a man as hasn't got a *sous* ?

Here goes—but, oh, crikey ! vhere am I to go find a drop
o' vater unfroze ?

Vell, that 's the cuttingest thing of all—to think as a man
can't put a end to his woes

In his own native element, as he vos bred and born to, and
lived in, man and b'y,

Uppards of thirty-six year come next Midsummer (vich
it never vill come again to I).

Vell, I 've tuck my leave of the river, and my poor
miserable little funny, so pretty and red :

I shall never shoot Lunnun Bridge no more, so I 'll go and
shoot myself instead.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack : 1838.



LONDON POOL

DR. JOHNSON once said that the full tide of human life
was to be seen at Charing Cross. The full tide of human

commerce begins a few bridges lower down. A man should count it a real privilege that, for the modest sum of fourpence, he is able to survey such an illustration of the wealth and power of this Empire as may enable him to form a very clear and true conception of the aggregate commerce and industry of the United Kingdom. To embark at London Bridge on board a fourpenny steamboat, bound to Woolwich, is, in my humble judgment, to be conveyed through the most wonderful series of transformation scenes that the world has to offer. What is comparable to that passage? No one who has entered the Sidney Heads but will remember the astonishment and delight inspired by the miles of blue water studded with fairy islands, the jasper-like reflection of clouds in the glass-clear depths, the rich tropical vegetation of the shores, the gleaming spars of shipping lifting their delicate tracery into the darkly-pure blue. Passages of strange and shining beauty recur like haunting memories of fragments of Eastern story to those who have threaded the waters of the Nile or the Hoogly; and recollections of the Peiho are made delightfully picturesque and impressive by visions of uncouth junks moored in the rushing stream, by glimpses of distant temples, by remembrance of soft winds aromatic with spices.

But the Thames! Its scenery is the work of human hands. An atmosphere of yellow light gives magnitude and a vagueness of outline to the leagues of waterside structures, and an obscurity to the horizon in which the monuments of industry fade with a simulation of im-

mentsity that cheats the senses into a belief of immeasurable remoteness. The great ships are in the docks far down the river ; but though the steamers which lie in tiers upon tiers in the Pool, and far beyond the limits of that reach, are for the most part but of middle size, yet the mind loses all sense of their individual dimensions in the overwhelming impression produced by their collective tonnage. One journey through this magnificent stretch of stream is a large education. The flags of a score of nationalities colour the sombre heavens with their green and blue and yellow and white folds. All the countries in the world appear to pass in a kind of review as the ear catches the hundred tongues, and the eye the hundred faces, and the nostrils the hundred scents wafted from the holds of ships whose greyish spars seem yet to retain the heat of the equatorial sun, and whose sides are fretted with the wash of the surges of the great oceans.

I once took fourpennyworth of travel aboard a Woolwich steamer, for the sake of renewing some old recollections. I will not say that a better kind of steamer would not have made the voyage more comfortable. The dexterous and watchful skipper, who stood upon the bridge carrying his freight of human lives through the intricacies of blundering barges and the bewilderment of swinging ships and capricious tugs, by light motions of his arm and soft asides to the boy, who furnished them with ear-piercing echoes, seemed to me to deserve a stouter ship. The funnel-casing had much the appearance of an aged saucepan whose bottom has been burnt to the thinness of a sailor's shirt. I thought to myself,

‘Suppose we should tip some of these old barges our stem by mistake? Assuredly we should crumple up forward like a sponge-cake; and how should we manage to save our lives?’

I looked everywhere, but there was not so much as an old cork to pitch overboard in case of accident. Even the seats, rotten as the hinges were, were not likely to come away in a hurry. But there was too much to be seen to permit me to bother over the crazy, quivering, admirably handled, and most dangerous old machine that was running us from pier to pier against a strong flood tide. Once clear of London Bridge we were in a complete lane formed by moored or anchored steamers. They were very much alike—little beauty amongst them; some of them well-decked, with their gangways out, showing the covering-board close to the water, and making the structures, with their tall afterdecks and top-gallant forecastles, look as if they were in course of being built, instead of newly arrived from voyages long and short. But all such characteristics were lost in the thoughts of the immense mass of tonnage here submitted. Where did it end? where would the last of these steamers be lying? To right and left they stretched, with lighters alongside, steam winches rattling, the vapour of donkey engines blowing out in volumes, some in semi-discharged state, with a heavy list to port or starboard, with frequent alternations of the flags of Denmark, Sweden, France, the Netherlands—I know not what other bunting—amid which our own red ensign counted as twenty to one.

The whole commerce of the world seemed to be here, but in truth the Thames' show of it was only just begun. On either hand, trembling in the distance, in the vacant places between the buildings, could be caught the hair-like outlines of the masts and rigging of ships, with their house-flags twinkling in tiny spots of colour ; and still as the fleets of steamers held us in their interminable lane, did there heave up out of the remote sky more lines and threads and tapering tremulous heights of shipping. But the wealth of industry and the prodigious achievements of British commerce were not more noticeable in the vast assemblage of steam and sailing vessels than in such minute particulars as the little panting screw-tug with a chain of deeply-laden coal barges in her wake, every ebony mound embellished with a recumbent figure in shirt-sleeves, a sooty pipe in his mouth, and his face to the sky. The familiar Thames wherry was also here to add its touch of interest to the wonderful scene—the old waterman resting on his oars, and squinting over his shoulder at the passing tug, in whose tumble, as she goes by, the little boat begins to flounder, while the tall hat of the rower shortens and enlarges with the reeling of the wherry like an optical illusion.

As the lines of steamers dwindle the river widens ; and when we come to the bend of a long reach, it opens into a metal-coloured surface of gleaming water trembling with the speeding of its own rushing, though it retains polish enough to serve as a mirror, and to hold under each vessel the dark, inverted shadow of a phantom ship. Here we come across a long, low, iron four-masted

craft, with painted ports. Even a sailor who has never been shipmate with more than three masts at a time might gaze with something of astonishment at the complex tracery that crowds the air over that immensely long and narrow hull, and wonder how long it would take a man to find out where all those ropes lead. It is not enough that there are four masts ; there must be double topgallant yards too, making eight sets of braces where in former times three were found enough. But these are progressive days in ship-building. By-and-by we shall have five-masted full-rigged sailing ships, no doubt, with new Board of Trade rules for the examination of candidates in square-rigging. Let us hope that there will be also rules for the proper manning of such craft ; for it struck me, as I looked at that big four-masted ship, that if her complement is assessed on the basis of her tonnage, without reference to the number of cloths she spreads, it must go desperately hard with the cook and the butcher's mate in a gale of wind.

Father Thames, once a god, might more fitly be termed a goddess, under the title of Commerce ; for this assuredly is the presiding spirit. It quickens with life the smallest and craziest structure by the water-side ; the very ebb and flow of the noble stream seem obedient to its laws, and its shadow is in the air and upon the face of the waters. I cannot imagine any one of those skippers of the Woolwich and Greenwich steamboats, who pass up and down the river some scores of times in the course of a week, so intimately acquainted with the wharves and warehouses and the uncountable features of industry

which crowd the bank for miles and miles as not to behold something new, something he has never taken close notice of before, every time he directs his gaze with attention to the shore on either hand. The billy-boys and barges squatting like mudbanks hard against the slimy piles ; the giant cranes poising tons' weight of burden in the air ; the vast warehouses, with the long and powerful steamships snuggled securely alongside them ; the endless procession of wharfage teeming with hurrying figures full of business—these and countless other features of the scene furnish the apparently limitless lines of steamers and other craft with such a background as completes the deep and stirring significance of their multifarious aspect. It is a vast picture of motion—of great vessels coming, of great vessels going, of lighters swirling up swiftly with the tide broadside on, of tugs speeding in quest of towage jobs, of passenger steamers driving through the steel-coloured current with a glancing of silver at their keen stems and a whirl of snow sluicing in a broad torrent from under their counters. Now it is a big ocean steamship, of some three or four thousand tons, leisurely making for Gravesend, as trim as a man-of-war to the eye, her sides and funnel spotless, her scuttles twinkling like diamonds in her black length as they catch the sparkle of the passing water ; whilst in vivid contrast there comes towing past her a full-rigged ship fresh from some Antipodean port, her brave hull covered with the scars of the conflicts she has waged with distant seas, her canvas carelessly rolled up on the yards, her rigging slack, and a crowd of men forward and aft

engaged in pointing out one to another the familiar scenes ashore.

W Clark Russell : Round the Galley Fire.



THE PLAGUE

AT the Beginning of the Plague, when there was now no more Hope, but that the whole City would be visited, when, as I have said, all that had Friends or Estates in the Country, retired with their Families, and when indeed, one would have thought the very City it self was running out of the Gates, and that there would be no Body left behind, You may be sure, from that Hour, all Trade, except such as related to immediate Subsistence, was, as it were, at a full Stop.

This is so lively a Case, and contains in it so much of the real Condition of the People ; that I think, I cannot be too particular in it ; and therefore I descend to the several Arrangements or Classes of People, who fell into immediate Distress upon this Occasion : For Example,

1. All Master Work-men in Manufactures ; especially such as belong'd to Ornament, and the less necessary Parts of the People who dress Cloths and Furniture for Houses ; such as Riband Weavers, and other Weavers ; Gold and Silver-lace-makers, and Gold and Silverwyer-drawers, Seemstresses, Milleners, Shoe-makers, Hat-



London before the Great Fire, 1666.

THE PLAGUE

makers and Glove-makers : Also Upholsterers, Joiners, Cabinet-makers, Looking-glass-makers ; and innumerable Trades which depend upon such as these ; I say the Master Workmen in such, stopt their Work, dismiss their Journey-men, and Workmen, and all their Dependants.

2. As Merchandizing was at a full stop, for very few Ships ventur'd to come up the River, and none at all went out ; so all the extraordinary Officers of the Customs, likewise the Watermen, Carmen, Porters, and all the Poor, whose Labour depended upon the Merchants, were at once dismiss, and put out of Business.
3. All the Tradesmen usually employ'd in building or repairing of Houses, were at a full Stop, for the People were far from wanting to build Houses, when so many thousand Houses were at once stript of their Inhabitants ; so that this one Article turn'd all the ordinary Work-men of that Kind out of Business ; such as Brick-layers, Masons, Carpenters, Joiners, Plasterers, Painters, Glaziers, Smiths, Plumbers : and all the Labourers depending on such.
4. As Navigation was at a Stop ; our Ships neither coming in, nor going out as before : so the Seamen were all out of Employment, and many of them in the last and lowest Degree of Distress, and with the Seamen, were all the several Tradesmen, and Workmen belonging to and depending upon the building, and fitting out of Ships ; such as Ship-

Carpenters, Caulkers, Rope-makers, Dry-Coopers, Sail-makers, Anchor-Smiths, and other Smiths ; Block-makers, Carvers, Gun-Smiths, Ship-Chandlers, Ship-Carvers and the like ; The Masters of those perhaps might live upon their Substance ; but the Traders were Universally at a Stop, and consequently all their Workmen discharged : Add to these, that the River was in a manner without Boats, and all or most part of the Watermen, Lightermen, Boat-builders, and Lighter-builders in like manner idle, and laid by.

5. All Families retrench'd their living as much as possible, as well those that fled as those that stay'd ; so that an innumerable Multitude of Footmen, serving Men, Shopkeepers, Journey-men, Merchants-Book-keepers, and such Sort of People, and especially poor Maid Servants were turn'd off, and left Friendless and Helpless without Employment, and without Habitation ; and this was really a dismal Article.

I might be more particular as to this Part : But it may suffice to mention in general ; all Trades being stopt, Employment ceased ; the Labour, and by that, the Bread of the Poor were cut off : and at first indeed, the Cries of the poor were most lamentable to hear ; tho' by the Distribution of Charity, their Misery that way was greatly abated : Many indeed fled into the Countries ; but thousands of them having stay'd in London, till nothing but Desperation sent them away ; Death overtook them

on the Road, and they serv'd for no better than the Messengers of Death, indeed, others carrying the Infection along with them ; spreading it very unhappily into the remotest Parts of the Kingdom.

Many of these were the miserable Objects of Dispair which I have mention'd before, and were remov'd by the Destruction which followed ; these might be said to perish, not by the Infection itself, but by the Consequence of it ; indeed, namely, by Hunger and Distress, and the Want of all Things ; being without Lodging, without Money, without Friends, without Means to get their Bread, or without any one to give it them, for many of them were without what we call legal Settlements, and so could not claim of the Parishes, and all the Support they had, was by Application to the Magistrates for Relief, which Relief was, (to give the Magistrates their Due), carefully and chearfully administred, as they found it necessary ; and those that stay'd behind never felt the Want and Distress of that Kind, which they felt, who went away in the manner above noted.

Let any one who is acquainted with what Multitudes of People, get their daily Bread in this City by their Labour, whether Artificers or mere Workmen ; I say, let any Man consider, what must be the miserable Condition of this Town, if on a sudden they should be all turned out of Employment, that Labour should cease, and Wages for Work be no more.

Daniel Defoe : A Journal of the Plague Year, 1665.



THE FIRE OF LONDON

27 Aug. 1666. I went to St. Paule's Church, where with Dr. Wren, Mr. Prat, Mr. May, Mr. Thos. Chichley, Mr. Slingsby, the Bishop of London, the Deane of St. Paule's and several expert workmen, we went about to survey the generall decay of that ancient and venerable church, and to set downe in writing the particulars of what was fit to be don, with the charge thereof, giving our opinion from article to article. Finding the maine building to recede outwards, it was the opinion of Mr. Chichley and Mr. Prat that it had ben so built *ab origine* for an effect in perspective, in regard of the height ; but I was, with Dr. Wren, quite of another judgment, and so we entered it ; we plumb'd the uprights in severall places. When we came to the steeple, it was deliberated whether it were not well enough to repaire it onely on its old foundation, with reservation to the 4 pillars ; this Mr. Chichley and Mr. Prat were also for, but we totally rejected it, and persisted that it requir'd a new foundation, not onely in regard of the necessitie, but for that the shape of what stood was very meane, and we had a mind to build it with a noble cupola, a forme of church-building not as yet known in England, but of wonderfull grace : for this purpose we offer'd to bring in a plan and estimate, which, after much contest, was at last assented to, and that we should nominate a Committee of able workemen to examine the present foundation. This concluded, we drew all up in writing, and so went with my Lord Bishop to the Deane's.

28. Sate at the Star Chamber. Next day to the Royal Society, where one Mercator, an excellent mathematician, produced his rare clock and new motion to performe the equations, and Mr. Rooke his new pendulum.

2 *Sept.* This fatal night about ten, began that deplorable fire neere Fish Streete in London.

3. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld the dismal spectacle, the whole Citty in dreadfull flames neare the water side ; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd ; and so returned exceedinge astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadfull manner) when conspiring with a fierce Eastern wind in a very drie season ; I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole South part of the Citty burning from Cheapeside to the Thames, and all along Cornehill (for it likewise kindl'd back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Streete, Fen-church Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all

attempting to save even their goods ; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the Churches, Public Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from the other ; for the heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the aire and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and every thing.

Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erected to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle ! such as happily the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, not be outdon till the universal conflagration of it. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame ; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shreiking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of Towers, Houses and Churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length

and one in bredth. The clowds also of smoke were dismall and reach'd upon computation neer 56 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly call'd to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*: the ruines resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more ! Thus I returned home.

Sept. 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple ; all Fleet Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paule's Chaine, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes ; the stones of Paule's flew like granados, the mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The Eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was the help of man.

5. It crossed towards Whitehall ; but oh, the confusion there was then at that Court ! It pleas'd his Majesty to command me among the rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn whilst the rest of the gentlemen tooke their several posts, some at one part, some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse) and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses

as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them downe with engines ; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd nearly the whole Citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c. would not permitt, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practic'd, and my concerne being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew neere Smithfield, where I had my wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it ; nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God by abating the wind, and by the industrie of the people, when almost all was lost, infusing a new spirit into them, that the furie of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than the Temple Westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield North : but continu'd all this day and night so impetuous toward Cripple-gate and the Tower as made us all despaire ; it also brake out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlongs space.

The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischeife, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the Citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

THE REBUILDING OF LONDON

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accomodations in stately and well furnish'd houses, were now reduced to extreamest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

Evelyn's Diary.



A MODEL OF WREN'S PLAN FOR THE REBUILDING OF LONDON

' BUT let us forget about these old citzens and the labyrinth of ugliness and inconvenience which we have inherited from them, and which is called London. Let us forget the contemporaries who are making it still worse than it was. Come for a walk with me through this ideal city. Look.'

And Gumbril Senior began expounding it to them.

In the middle, there, of that great elliptical Piazza at the eastern end of the new City, stands, four-square, the Royal Exchange Pierced only with small dark windows,

and built of rough ashlar of the silvery Portland stone, the ground floor serves as a massy foundation for the huge pilasters that slide up, between base and capital, past three tiers of pedimented windows. Upon them rest the cornice, the attic and the balustrade, and on every pier of the balustrade a statue holds up its symbol against the sky. Four great portals, rich with allegory, admit to the courtyard with its double tier of coupled columns, its cloister and its gallery. The statue of Charles the Martyr rides triumphantly in the midst, and within the windows one guesses the great rooms, rich with heavy garlands of plaster, panelled with carved wood.

Ten streets give on to the Piazza, and at either end of its ellipse the water of sumptuous fountains ceaselessly blows aloft and falls. Commerce, in that to the north of the Exchange, holds up her cornucopia, and from the midst of its grapes and apples the master jet leaps up ; from the tears of all the ten Useful Arts, grouped with their symbols about the central figure, there spouts a score of fine subsidiary streams. The dolphins, the sea-horses and the Tritons sport in the basin below. To the south, the ten principal cities of the Kingdom stand in a family round the Mother London, who pours from her urn an inexhaustible Thames.

Ranged round the Piazza are the Goldsmiths' Hall, the Office of Excise, the Mint, the Post Office. Their flanks are curved to the curve of the ellipse. Between pilasters, their windows look out on to the Exchange, and the sister statues on the balustrades beckon to one another across the intervening space.

Two master roads of ninety feet from wall to wall run westwards from the Exchange. New Gate ends the more northern vista with an Arch of Triumph, whose three openings are deep, shadowy and solemn as the entries of caverns. The Guildhall and the halls of the twelve City Companies in their livery of rose-red brick, with their lacings of white stone at the coigns and round the windows, lend to the street an air of domestic and comfortable splendour. And every two or three hundred paces the line of the houses is broken, and in the indentation of a square recess there rises, conspicuous and insular, the fantastic tower of a parish church. Spire out of dome; octagon on octagon diminishing upwards; cylinder on cylinder; round lanterns, lanterns of many sides; towers with airy pinnacles; clusters of pillars linked by incurving cornices, and above them, four more clusters and above once more; square towers pierced with pointed windows; spires uplifted on flying buttresses; spires bulbous at the base—the multitude of them beckons, familiar and friendly, on the sky. From the other shore, or sliding along the quiet river, you see them all, you tell over their names; and the great dome swells up in the midst overtopping them all.

The dome of St. Paul's.

The other master street that goes westward from the Piazza of the Exchange slants down towards it. The houses are of brick, plain-faced and square, arcaded at the base, so that the shops stand back from the street and the pedestrian walks dry-shod under the harmonious succession of the vaultings. And there at the end of the street, at the

base of a triangular space formed by the coming together of this with another master street that runs eastwards to Tower Hill, there stands the Cathedral. To the north of it is the Deanery and under the arcades are the booksellers' shops.

From St. Paul's the main road slopes down under the swaggering Italianate arches of Ludgate, past the wide lime-planted boulevards that run north and south within and without the city wall, to the edge of the Fleet Ditch—widened now into a noble canal, on whose paved banks the barges unload their freights of country stuff—leaps it on a single flying arch to climb again to a round circus, a little to the east of Temple Bar, from which, in a pair of diagonally superimposed crosses, eight roads radiate: three northwards towards Holborn, three from the opposite arc towards the river, one eastward to the City, and one past Lincoln's Inn Fields to the west. The piazza is all of brick and the houses that compose it are continuous above the ground-floor level; for the roads lead out under archways. To one who stands in the centre at the foot of the obelisk that commemorates the victory over the Dutch, it seems a smooth well of brickwork pierced by eight arched conduits at the base and diversified above by the three tiers of plain, unornamented windows.

Who shall describe all the fountains in the open places, all the statues and monuments? In the circus north of London Bridge, where the four roads come together, stands a pyramid of nymphs and Tritons—river goddesses of Polyolbion, sea-gods of the island beaches—bathing in a ceaseless tumble of white water. And here the city

griffon spouts from its beak, the royal lion from between its jaws. St. George at the foot of the Cathedral rides down a dragon whose nostrils spout, not fire, but the clear water of the New River. In front of the India House four elephants of black marble, endorsed with towers of white, blow through their upturned trunks the copious symbol of Eastern wealth. In the gardens of the Tower sits Charles the Second, enthroned among a troop of Muses, Cardinal Virtues, Graces and Hours. The tower of the Customs-House is a pharos. A great water-gate, the symbol of naval triumph, spans the Fleet at its junction with the Thames. The river is embanked from Blackfriars to the Tower, and at every twenty paces a grave stone angel looks out from the piers of the balustrade across the water. . . .

Gumbril Senior expounded his city with passion. He pointed to the model on the ground, he lifted his arms and turned up his eyes to suggest the size and splendour of his edifices. His hair blew wispily loose and fell into his eyes, and had to be brushed impatiently back again. He pulled at his beard ; his spectacles flashed, as though they were living eyes. Looking at him, Gumbril Junior could imagine that he saw before him the passionate and gesticulating silhouette of one of those old shepherds who stand at the base of Piranesi's ruins demonstrating obscurely the prodigious grandeur and the abjection of the human race.

Aldous Huxley : Antic Hay.



JOE COSE IN LONDON
TO PHOEBE BUTTERCUP IN THE
COUNTRY

'O DEER Feby sich a plase lunnan is yew Havent got a singl hidear i only wish yew was Hear yew wood sune hav al the tethe Stole out off yewr hed ass for sites Bles yewr week ize i hav sea evry think & havent had no time for Nothink only luvving yew & Sory yew rote them 4 ubbrading ninepeny leters wich rely doant Bleav as yewr Makeing me a pressant of the Kichin sithers at parting has Bean abl to Cut our luv in 2 O deerist Feby the sithers must be verry Sharp grun indede ass cood Severe sich luv ass ourn i hav bean to the Tip top of St palls & Drunk my share off 2 botls off whisky inside the bal wich is quite a rume But must confes i nevver was in sich a Bal rume in al my life the vew is rely Wunderfull nevver sea so much smoak together in al my Days allso hav bean to sea the lions in the towr wich their is no sich thing to be Seen & the same of the brittish mewseam wear i was Told i shood sea al sorts of Live creturs but turnt out nothink but Stuff allso hav ad a interview with the duk of Welinton wich insted off Bean the Grate ero they giv him out to be is quite a Litel chap & deerest Feby cood Lik him my self & stand of 1 leg then theirs the parks ide Park St james & Regency park lately Threw open to the publik wich is a grate advarntige in regard of meting nuss makes wich ide Park & kensinton gardns was rely geting

so Low did i tel yew befoure of the stem pakits on the rivver they ar al as one as stage coches namely going upon weels & Carying inside & out pasingers only insted of osses is Drawd along by nothink but Chimblys to be Short with yew i hav sea allmost evrythink But not yet ad the plessure off Bean pressant at a Dredfull fire tho they was 6 ouzes Burnt only a strete of last tewsdy nite & a hold gentel man Junt out off a 2 pare off stares windy on to a Pattant air fetherbed only unfortynat the made forgot to Blo it up in the mornin and consiquensially the hold gemman insted off Braking his fal only Broke 2 off his ribs we spend al our Spar time in Smith feeld wich is the only rele plessure we hav Smith feeld is just the same ass 1 of our own feelds in West stafordsheer only no gras nor no eges nor no riks of hay nor no Stiles to sit a coartin on But ful of orses & cows & carves & pigs & shepe & other Beestly sites O them deer pigs ow Glad i was to ear there wel none vices it quite put me in mind of yew & deer Butermilk villige & i rely cood have Stade a earin them squele al day Lung wich deerest Feby doant Bleav wat i say about the pigs is al Gammon we hav got a Bewtifull ous in pel mel & the yung ladys ar verry Gay mis Jewlia is verry fond off Sowlogical gardning & gos evry day to Studdy the hannimils at the regency Park allso mis Jawgeny rides out evry mornin on her pony with James the noo sirvent beind on 1 off the hold coch orses wich as Bean clipt & his tale Cut thurrow bred for the okasion the sirvents is al very wel & my duty to yewr farther & ow is yewr sister Suzn & poor litl nock need Nely & abuv al deerest luv Ows yewr muther Respektiv

cumps to al yewr old felow sirvents & Pleas exept yewrself
deerest Feby

from yewr adorabl

JOE COSE.

‘*P.S.* O Feby Feby wear al in a huprore sins Riting
my abuv we hav found out mis Jewlia only went Sow-
logical gardning for a xcuse to mete her luvver & is boath
loped away gudnes or rather Badnes nose wear Allso the
same of mis Jawgeny & James the noo sirvent ass i told
yew of but Bles yewr art was no sich thing but only a
luvver in disgize & wen we al thort him a Real lakky
turnt out nothink but a Valley de Sham.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack : 1838.



THE CONFIDENCE TRICK

BUT to return, being arrived in the piazza's in Covent-Garden, as I mentioned before, from thence we ascended a pair of stairs, and I found myself in a room amidst a great number of very genteel people, some of whom were of the first fashion ; I soon perceived it was an auction room ; then my fears began to operate upon me lest some of my gentleman's faculties should again fail him, and the ill consequence I dreaded should fall upon me ; but everything remained quiet for a considerable time. At length a chased watch by Tompion was put up, which I found had a very strong effect upon my adventurer,

THE CONFIDENCE TRICK

though I could not devise the cause, for as I knew he had not sixpence about him, I could not conceive he intended to bid for it ; as the bidders advanced he became more anxious, marking every one who bid, very strictly.

In the conclusion a certain nobleman, who is observed to attend these kind of sales with great punctuality, bid 80 guineas, and was knocked down the best bidder, and the watch set down to lord —— . My adventurous spark now seemed calm and determined, and instantly quitted the room and went into a tavern near, where ordering a bottle of Madeira and pen and ink, he took from his pocket a message card and wrote as follows :

‘ The earl of ——, seeing lord ——’s equipage standing at ——’s auction room door, begs the favour of his lordship’s company at —— for a moment.

‘ Having just received an accident upon my right hand, —— writes this to you, and promises to take it to your lordship himself.’

Having wrote this he orders the master of the tavern to attend him, who being come, our spark after splitting the card and securing the writing by a wafer, told him he should be much obliged to him if he would take that card to lord —— at ——’s auction : the landlord assured him he would, but, adds this cautious genius, deliver it to —— the auctioneer, and he will hand it to his lordship : —— promised to obey his orders punctually. The landlord being gone, my companion, after recruiting his spirits with a glass of wine, immediately decamps, leaving orders to acquaint lord —— he would return before his lordship could be seated, and immediately goes and posts

himself in a place where he could see his lordship come from the auction room ; very short was his stay before he saw his lordship, attended by the landlord, step into his chariot, and drive to the tavern ; our bold youth was as good as his word, and followed his lordship into the room before he was well seated, and told him that the earl of —— was ‘ just drove into the next street, and had ordered him to wait upon his lordship with an apology for leaving the room, but that he would be with him in an instant.’

This excuse, delivered with a good grace by a seeming gentleman, satisfied his lordship, who seating himself, our hero took leave of him, and going to the bar told —— the landlord that he must go to —— the auctioneer, and tell him that ‘ lord —— desired him to send the watch he had lately purchased by him, as he just wanted to shew it to the earl of ——.’ Away goes the landlord and acquaints the auctioneer with his lordship’s desire ; the auctioneer knowing the landlord, and seeing lord —— go out with him just before, made no hesitation, but delivers him the watch, who on meeting my gentleman at the door, put it into his hand, and he slipping it into his coat pocket again goes to his lordship, and telling him ‘ the earl of —— begged his patience a few minutes longer, as he had now just finished the affair he was upon, and hoped he would stay, as he had something to acquaint him with that would surprize him very much.’ His lordship answered it was very well ; upon which our sharper left his lordship to wonder what it could be that would surprize him so much, and I make no doubt but in a short time he was greatly surprized.

The planning of this artifice, continued Sable, gave me a high opinion of our sharper's ingenuity, and the dexterity with which he conducted it entirely removed all my fears of any accident happening to us. After this successful exploit, he walked through a few streets and then took a coach, ordering the coachman to drive to a tavern near the Exchange in the city ; by this method he eluded the vigilance of a pursuit, which he imagined must succeed his lordship's discovering the imposition, and which no doubt was in a very short time after sent forth.

Being arrived at the tavern he ordered the coachman to take his money at the bar, and was shewn into a very handsome room ; he immediately ordered a very genteel dinner consisting of five dishes, and ordered two courses, saying he expected a gentleman to dine with him, and ordered if any one enquired for Sir —— to shew him in ; but I should have mentioned to you that as the coach was passing by the Temple, he ordered one of the porters who ply there to take a card which he had been writing upon in the coach, to the very tavern he had ordered the coachman to drive to, with strict orders for the porter to be there with it by 5 o'clock ; this card was directed to the knight whose name and title he had now assumed.

By the time he imagined dinner was ready, he rang and ordered the cook not to spoil the dinner, but when it was ready to bring it in, saying he would not wait a minute for the king, in prejudice to the skill of the cook, whom he ordered to take a pint of wine in the bar. Dinner being ended, and the cloth removed, champain and burgundy were ordered, and he sat very composedly entertaining

himself in meditating on the labour of the great Tompion, and from thence took occasion to descant on his own ingenuity, which he justly boasted was not inferior to that famous artist, though it ran in a different channel : at the hour of five the waiter entered with a card for Sir —— on which was wrote these words : ‘ Lord ——’s compliments to Sir ——, asks ten thousand pardons for not attending him at dinner as appointed ; begs Sir —— will not go till he comes, which will not exceed half an hour.’ This card was purposely wrote upon to the view of everyone, which added dignity to our new-made knight’s former consequence, and ordering the porter to be discharged at the bar, he sat a few minutes : when ringing the bell he ordered the waiter to tell his master to come to him, who soon appearing, he desired him to sit and fill a glass of wine, and entering into a familiar conversation with him, in a short time enquired if there was ever a shop near where he could purchase a gold chain to his watch, and at the same time produced the property of lord ——, which being in a neat leather shagreen box, looked at a distance like a shagreen case ; the vintner being willing to oblige a neighbour, told him he could recommend a dealer in those things, who had great choice, and lived only in the next street.

Our knight begg’d he would send for him, with orders to bring some watch chains with him : the vintner immediately dispatched a waiter to the person, who soon arrived with a box, and producing some very curious watch chains, my gentleman at last fixed upon one, which came to 5*l.* 1*s.* The spark offered him four for it, but the

tradesman being a quaker, told him he never asked more than he intended to take, but however he was still offered 4*l.* 1*s.*, and the tradesman refusing was dismissed.

In five minutes the sharper rang for the master of the tavern, and told him what had passed, adding he greatly liked the chain, and would purchase it, but should take it as a favour if he would go to the man, and see if he could not get it for the money, but if not to bring it with him, and at the same time desired he would tell the tradesman to bring a cornelian seal with a Homer's head for the impression. Away went the landlord, and soon after brought the chain with him, but told our genius he could not prevail upon him to take any thing less than he had asked ; that he had never a cornelian with a Homer, but had sent to a friend in the next street who he believed had one, and he would bring him word in ten minutes : during the landlord's absence, this ingenious gentleman had taken out the watch and left the shagreen box on the shelf over the fire-place, in full view of the landlord, who might suppose it was the real watch. Upon looking at the chain, the spark pretended it was not the same he had shewn him before ; the landlord told him it was possible he might mistake by candle-light, and offered to go and change it, but the sharper said he would go himself, as he had some suspicion the quaker had a mind to impose upon him, saying the watch he supposed would be safe upon the shelf went out of the room, and the landlord shutting the door, told him he would take care nobody should come in during his absence. Our successful sharper now bent his course to Cheapside with all speed, leaving the shagreen

box to pay the vintner his reckoning, and the quaker for his watch chain.

The Adventures of a Black Coat : 1760.



THE STRAND

IN ancient times the Strand was an open space, extending from Temple Bar to the village of Charing, sloping down to the river, and intersected by several streams from the neighbouring high grounds, which in this direction emptied themselves into the Thames. In after ages, when the residence of the court at Westminster had become more frequent, and the Parliament was held there, the Strand, being the road thence from the City, became the site of several magnificent mansions belonging to the nobility and clergy, most of which were situated on the south side, and had large gardens extending to the water's edge.

The first of these mansions from Temple Bar, was Exeter House, an inn belonging to the Bishops of Exeter, afterwards called Paget House, and Leicester House, and finally Essex House, from being the residence of the favourite of Queen Elizabeth ; under the latter appellation it has given name to the street, now built upon the spot where it formerly stood. Between that mansion and the present Milford Lane, was a Chapel, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, called St. Spirit, 'upon what occasion founded,' says Stow, 'I have not read.' To the west of this chapel was an Inn, belonging to the Bishop of Bath,

called Hampton Place, and afterwards Arundel House, standing on the site of the present Arundel Street. Further to the westward was an Inn of Chancery, called Chester's Inn, and Strand Inn, near which the Bishop of Landaff had also an Inn. At a short distance from the latter place, was the Strand Bridge, 'and under it,' says Stow, 'a lane or way down to the landing-place on the bank of the Thames,' the site of which is still marked by Strand Lane. Not far from the bridge stood the Bishop of Chester's Inn ('commonly called Lichfield and Coventrie'), and adjoining it the Bishop of Worcester's Inn, both of which were pulled down by the Protector Somerset in 1549, when he erected Somerset House. Opposite the Bishop of Worcester's Inn, formerly stood a stone cross, at which, says Stow, 'the justices itinerants sate without London'; near this spot afterwards was erected the May Pole, which was removed in 1718. The next mansion was the Palace of the Savoy, adjoining to the walls of which were the gardens of the Bishop of Carlisle's Inn, afterwards called Worcester House, now the site of Beaufort Buildings. The next in succession, was Salisbury House, which has given name to Salisbury and Cecil Streets. Proceeding onwards, and passing over Ivy Bridge, the magnificent structure of Durham House presented itself, which at one period was a royal palace. Nearly adjoining was an Inn belonging to the Bishops of Norwich, afterwards called York House, from becoming the residence of the Archbishops of York, when their former mansion at Whitehall was converted into a royal palace by Henry the Eighth. York Stairs, at the bottom

of Buckingham Street, still marks the water-gate of the estate, which subsequently became the property of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose names and titles are perpetuated in the various streets, &c. built upon it. The last mansion near the village of Charing, and now the only remaining one, was called Northampton House, afterwards Suffolk House, and now Northumberland House, from being the residence of the Dukes of Northumberland.

On the north side, the Strand presented but few houses of note. Wimbledon House, on the spot lately occupied by D'Oyley's Warehouse, which had been erected by Sir Edward Cecil, was burnt down in 1628. At a little distance, westward, was Burghley House, afterwards Exeter House, and now partly occupied by Exeter Change; on the other part, and its attached ground, were erected the several streets and alleys receiving names from the Cecil family.

Edward Wedlake Brayley: Londiniana: 1829.



O RARE BEN JONSON!

WELCOME all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of APOLLO—
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripes, his tower bottle:
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.

THE PALACE OF WHITEHALL

Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers ;
He the half of life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us ;
Wine it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's Love accounted :
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phoebean liquor,
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker.
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo.

*Ben Jonson : Verses placed over the door at the
entrance into the Apollo.¹*



THE PALACE OF WHITEHALL

IMMEDIATELY beyond these buildings began the vast palace of Whitehall. It was originally built by Hubert de Burgh earl of Kent, the great, the persecuted justiciary of England, in the reign of Henry III. He bequeathed it to the Black Friars in Holborn, and they disposed of it to Walter de Grey archbishop of York, in 1248. It became for centuries the residence of the prelates of that

¹ A room in the Old Devil Tavern at Temple Bar; the site is now occupied by Child's Bank.

see, and was styled York-house. In it Wolsey took his final leave of greatness. The profusion of rich things ; hangings of cloth of gold and of silver ; thousands of pieces of fine Holland ; the quantities of plate, even of pure gold, which covered two great tables, (all of which were seized by his cruel rapacious master) are proofs of his amazing wealth, splendor, and pride. Henry deigned to purchase the palace from his fallen servant : the antient palace of Westminster having some time before suffered greatly by fire. From this time it became the residence of our princes, till it was almost wholly destroyed by the same element in 1697.

Henry had an uncommon composition : his savage cruelty could not suppress his love of the arts : his love of the arts could not soften his savage cruelty. The prince who could, with the utmost *sang froid*, burn Catholics and Protestants, take off the heads of the partners of his bed one day, and celebrate new nuptials the next, had, notwithstanding, a strong taste for refined pleasures. He cultivated architecture and painting, and invited from abroad artists of the first merit. To Holbein was owing the most beautiful gate at Whitehall, built with bricks of two colours, glazed, and disposed in a tessellated fashion. The top, as well as that of an elegant tower on each side, were embattled. On each front were four busts in baked clay in proper colors, which resisted to the last every attack of the weather : possibly the artificial stone revived in this century. These, I have been lately informed, are preserved in a private hand. This charming structure fell a sacrifice to conveniency within my

memory : as did another in 1723, built at the same time, but of far inferior beauty. The last blocked up the road to King-street, and was called King's-gate. Henry built it as a passage to the park, the tennis-court, bowling-green, the cock-pit, and tilting-yard ; for he was extremely fond of athletic exercises ; they suited his strength and his temper.

(It was the intention of William duke of Cumberland, to rebuild the beautiful gate, first mentioned, at the top of the long walk at Windsor, and for that purpose he had all the parts and stones numbered ; but unfortunately the design was never executed.)

The tilt-yard was equally the delight of his daughter Elizabeth, as singular a composition : for, with the truest patriotism, and most distinguished abilities, were interwoven the greatest vanity, and most romantic disposition. Here, in her sixty-sixth year, with wrinkled face, red perriwig, little eyes, hooked nose, skinny lips, and black teeth, she could suck in the gross flatteries of her favored courtiers. Essex (by his squire) here told her of her beauty and worth. A Dutch ambassador assured her majesty, that he had undertaken the voyage to see her majesty, who for beauty and wisdom excelled all other beauties in the world. She labored at an audience to make Melvil acknowledge that his charming mistress was inferior in beauty to herself. The artful Scot evaded her question. She put on a new habit of every foreign nation, each day of audience, to attract his admiration. So fond was she of dress, that three thousand different habits were found in her wardrobe after her death. Mortifying

reflection ! in finding such alloy in the greatest characters.

She was very fond of dancing. I admire the humour she shewed in using this exercise, whenever a messenger came to her from her successor James VI. of Scotland : for Sir Roger Aston assures us, that whenever he was to deliver any letters to her from his master, on lifting up of the hangings, he was sure to find her dancing to a little fiddle, affectedly, that he might tell James, by her youthful disposition, how unlikely he was to come to the throne he so much thirsted after. . . Rowland White has left us a curious account of the amusements of this reign, and with what spirit her majesty pursued her pleasures as late as her sixty-seventh year. ‘ Her majesty says she is very well. This day she appoints a Frenchman to doe feates upon a rope in the conduit court. To-morrow she hath commanded the beares, the bull, and the ape to be bayted in the tilt-yard. Upon Wednesday she will have solemne dawncing.’

In the time of James I. Whitehall was in a most ruinous state. He determined to rebuild it in a very princely manner, and worthy of the residence of the monarchs of the British empire. He began with pulling down the banquetting rooms built by Elizabeth. That which bears the name at present was begun in 1619, from a design of Inigo Jones, in his purest manner ; and executed by Nicholas Stone, master-mason and architect to the king : it was finished in two years, and cost seventeen thousand pounds ; but was only a small part of a vast plan, left unexecuted by reason of the unhappy times

which succeeded. The note¹ will shew the small pay of this great architect.

In 1680 a complete plan of this great palace was taken by John Fisher, and engraven by Vertue, in 1747. It appears that it extended along the river, and in front along the present Parlement and Whitehall street, as far as Scotland Yard; and on the other side of those streets to the turning into Spring Garden, beyond the Admiralty, looking into St. James's Park. The merry king, his queen, the royal brother, prince Rupert, the duke of Monmouth, and all the great officers, and all the courtly train, had their lodgings within these walls; and all the royal family had their different offices, such as kitchens, cellars, pantries, spiceries, cyder-house, bake-house, wood-yards and coal-yards, and slaughter-house. We see among the fair attendants of queen Catherine, many names which make a great figure in Grammont, and other chronicles of the time: such as the countess of Castlemaine, Mrs. Kirk, and Mrs. Killegrew. As to Nell Gwynne, not having the honor to be on the good queen's establishment, she was obliged to keep her distance, at her house in what was then called Pall-mall. It is the first good one on the left hand of St. James's Square, as we enter from Pall-mall. The back room on the ground floor was (within memory) entirely of looking glass; as was said to have been the cieling. Over the chimney was her picture; and that of her sister was in a third room. At the period I

¹ To Inigo Jones, surveyor of the works done about the king's houses, 8s. 4d. per diem, and £46 per ann. for house-rent, a clerk, and other incidental expences.—Mr. Walpole.

mention, this house was the property of Thomas Brand, esq. ; of the Hoo, in Hertfordshire.

The other royal favorites had the sanction of offices, such as maids of honor and the like, which, in all ages, like charity, were sure to cover a multitude of sins.

I must not omit, that from the palace into the Thames were two stairs, one public, the other the privy stairs for the use of majesty alone ; the first is still in use, the other is made up in the old wall adjacent to the earl of Fife's, but the arch of the portal remains entire. Henry, and his daughter Elizabeth, made all their parties by water or on horseback ; or now and then the last went mounted on a litter, carried on men's shoulders. Coaches had been introduced into England by Henry Fitzalan earl of Arundel, one of her admirers : but the spirited princess seems to have disdained the use. She rode in a dress of form and magnificence equal to what she appeared in at the drawing-room ; but never put on breeches or boots, like the late Czarina ; nor yet the equivocal dress of the ladies of the present age.

Thomas Pennant : Of London : 1790.



A CORONATION

IN the yere of our Lorde God a thousande, thre hundred, fourscore and nynetene, the last daye of Septembre, on a Tuysday, began a parlyament at Westmynster, holden by Henry duke of Lancastre, at whiche tyme there was



The Houses of Parliament, 1821.

assembled prelates and clergy of the realme of Englande a great nombre, and also dukes, erles, and barones, and of every towne a certayne.

Thus the people assembled at Westmynster, there beyng presente the duke of Lancastre ; and there the same duke chalenged the realme of Englande, and desyred to be kynge by thre reasones : Fyrst, by conquest ; secondly, bycause he was heyre ; and thyrddly, bycause Rycharde of Burdeaux had resygned the realme into his handes by his free wyll, in the presence of certayne dukes, erles, prelates, and barones, in the hall within the towre of London. These thre causes shewed, the duke of Lancastre requyred all the people there present, as well one as other, to shew their myndes and ententes in that behalfe. Than all the people with one voyce sayd, that their wylles was to have him kynge, and howe they wolde have none other but hym. Than the duke agayne sayd to the people: Sirs, is this your myndes ? And they all with one voyce sayde : Ye, Ye. And than the duke sate downe in the syege royall, whiche seate was reysed up in the hall, and covered with a clothe of estate, so that every man myght well se hym sytte. And than the people lyfted up their handes a hygh, promysing hym their faythe and allegyaunce.

Thanne the parlyament concluded, and the day was taken for his coronacyon on saynt Edwardes day, the Monday the xiii. day of Octobre : at whiche tyme, the Saturday before his coronacyon, he departed from Westmynster, and rode to the towre of London with a great nombre. And that night all suche squyers as shulde be

made knyghtes the nexte day, watched, who were to the nombre of xlvi ; every squier had his owne bayne by himselfe : and the next day the duke of Lancastre made theym all knyghtes at the masse tyme. Than had they longe cotes with strayte sleeves, furred with mynyver lyke prelates, with whyte laces hangynge on their shulders. And after dyner the duke departed fro the towre to Westmynster, and rode all the way bareheaded, and aboute his necke the lyvery of Fraunce. He was acompanyed with the prince his sonne, and syxe dukes, syxe erles, and xviii. barons, and in all, knyghtes and squyers a nyne hundred horse. Than the kyng had on a shorte cote of clothe of golde, after the maner of Almayne, and he was mounted on a whyte courser, and the garter on his left legge. Thus the duke rode through London with a great nombre of lordes, every lordes servaunt in their maysters lyverey ; all the burgesses and Lombardes marchauntes in London, and every craft with their lyverey and devyse. Thus he was conveyed to Westmynster. He was in nombre a syxe thousande horse, and the streates hanged as he passed by : and the same day and the next there were in London rynnynge seven cundyttes with wyne, whyte and reed.

That nyght the duke was bayned, and the next mornynge he was confessed, and herde thre masses as he was acostumed to do, and than all the prelates and clergy came fro Westmynster church to the palays, to fetch the kyng with procession. And so he went to the church a procession, and all the lordes with hym in their robes of scarlet, furred with menyver, barred of their

shulders, acordynge to their degrees : and over the kyng was borne a clothe of estate of blewe, with four belles of golde, and it was borne by four burgesses of the portes, as Dover, and other. And on every syde of him he had a sword borne, the one the sworde of the churche, and the other the sworde of justyce ; the sworde of the church his sonne the prince dyd beare, and the sworde of justyce the erle of Northumberland dyd beare, for he was as than constable of Englande, for the erle of Rutlande was deposed fro that offyce : and the erle of Westmerlande, who was marshall of Englande, bare the ceptour. Thus they entred into the churche about nyne of the clocke, and in the myddes of the churche there was an hygh scaffold all covered with reed, and in the myddes therof there was a chayre royall, covered with clothe of golde. Than the kyng satte downe in that chayre and so sate in estate royall, savynge he had nat on the crowne, but sate bareheaded. Than at four corners of the scaffold, the archebyssshop of Canterbury shewed unto the people howe God had sent them a man to be their kyng, and demaunded if they were content that he shulde be consecrated and crowned as their kyng. And they all with one voyce sayd Yea, and helde up their handes, promysynge him faythe and obseysaunce. Than the kyng rose and wente down the scaffold to the hygh auter to be sacred, at whiche consecracyon there were two archbyssshoppes and ten bysshops, and before the auter ther he was dispoyled out of all his vestures of estate, and there he was anoynted in vi. places, on the heed, on the brest, and on the two shulders behynde, and on the handes. Than a bonet

was set on his heed, and whyle he was anoyntyng, the clergy sange the latyn, and suche servyce as they synge at the halowing of the fonte. Than the kyng was aparelled lyke a prelate of the church, with a cope of reed sylke, and a payre of spurres, with a poynte without a rowell. Than the sworde of justyce was drawn out of the shethe and halowed, and than it was taken to the kyng, who dyd put it agayne into the sheth : than the archebysshop of Caunterbury dyd gyrde the sworde about hym. Than saynt Edwardes crowne was brought forthe, which is close above, and blessed, and than the archebysshop dyd sette it on the kynges heed.

After masse the kyng departed out of the church in the same estate, and went to his palays, and there was a fountayne that ranne by dyvers braunches whyte wyne and reed ; than the kyng entred into the hall, and so into a privy chamber, and after came out agayne to dyner. At the fyrst table sate the kyng ; at the seconde the fyve peres of the realme ; at the thyrde the valyaunt men of London ; at the fourth the newe made knyghtes ; at the fyft the knyghtes and squiers of honour. And by the kyng stode the prince holdyng the sworde of the church, and on the other syde the constable with the sworde of justyce, and a lytell above the marshall with the ceptour ; and at the kynges borde sate two archbyssshops, and xvii. bysshoppes. And in the myddes of the dyner there came in a knight, who was called Dymoke, all armed upon a good horse rychely aparelled, and had a knyght before hym bearyng his speare, and his sworde by his syde and his dagger. The knyght toke the kyng a lybell, the

LIBERTY

whiche was red : therin was conteyned that if there were outhur knight, squyer, or any other gentylman, that wolde say that kyng Henry was nat rightfull kyng, he was there redy to fyght with him in that quarell, before the kyng, or where as it shulde please hym to apoynte. That byll was cryed by an haraulde in syxe places of the hall, and in the towne. There was none that wolde chalenge hym.

Whan the kyng had dyned he toke wyne and spyces in the hall, and than went into his chambre. Than every man departed and went to their lodgings. Thus the day passed of kyng Henryes coronacyon with great joy and feest, whiche endured all the next day.

Lord Berners' Froissart.



LIBERTY

THE fields from Islington to Marybone,
To Primrose Hill and Saint John's Wood,
Were builded over with pillars of gold ;
And there Jerusalem's pillars stood.

Her little Ones ran on the fields,
The Lamb of God among them seen,
And fair Jerusalem, his Bride,
Among the little meadows green.

Pancras and Kentish Town repose
Among her golden pillars high,
Among her golden arches which
Shine upon the starry sky.

The Jew's-harp House and the Green Man,
The Ponds where Boys to bathe delight,
The fields of Cows by William's farm,
Shine in Jerusalem's pleasant sight.

She walks upon our meadows green ;
The Lamb of God walks by her side ;
And every English Child is seen,
Children of Jesus and his Bride ;

Forgiving trespasses and sins,
Lest Babylon, with cruel Og,
With Moral and Self-righteous Law,
Should crucify in Satan's Synagogue.

What are those Golden Builders doing
Near mournful ever-weeping Paddington,
Standing above that mighty Ruin,
Where Satan the first victory won ;

Where Albion slept beneath the fatal Tree,
And the Druid's golden Knife
Rioted in human gore,
In Offerings of Human Life ?

They groan'd aloud on London Stone,
They groan'd aloud on Tyburn's Brook :
Albion gave his deadly groan,
And all the Atlantic Mountains shook.

Albion's Spectre, from his Loins,
Tore forth in all the pomp of War ;
Satan his name ; in flames of fire
He stretch'd his Druid Pillars far.

Jerusalem fell from Lambeth's Vale,
Down thro' Poplar and Old Bow,
Thro' Malden, and across the Sea,
In War and howling, death and woe.

The Rhine was red with human blood ;
The Danube roll'd a purple tide ;
On the Euphrates Satan stood,
And over Asia stretch'd his pride.

He wither'd up sweet Zion's Hill
From every Nation of the Earth ;
He wither'd up Jerusalem's Gates,
And in a dark Land gave her birth.

He wither'd up the Human Form
By laws of sacrifice for Sin,
Till it became a Mortal Worm,
But O ! translucent all within.

The Divine Vision still was seen,
Still was the Human Form Divine ;
Weeping, in weak and mortal clay,
O Jesus ! still the Form was Thine !

And Thine the Human Face ; and Thine
The Human Hands, and Feet, and Breath,
Entering thro' the Gates of Birth,
And passing thro' the Gates of Death.

And O Thou Lamb of God ! whom I
Slew in my dark self-righteous pride,
Art Thou return'd to Albion's Land,
And is Jerusalem Thy Bride ?

Come to my arms, and nevermore
Depart ; but dwell for ever here ;
Create my Spirit to Thy Love ;
Subdue my Spectre to Thy Fear.

Spectre of Albion ! warlike Fiend !
In clouds of blood and ruin roll'd,
I here reclaim thee as my own,
My Selfhood—Satan arm'd in gold !

Is this thy soft Family Love,
Thy cruel Patriarchal pride ;
Planting thy Family alone,
Destroying all the World beside ?

AT THE ALBERT HALL

A man's worst Enemies are those
Of his own House and Family ;
And he who makes his Law a curse,
By his own Law shall surely die !

In my Exchanges every Land
Shall walk ; and mine in every Land,
Mutual shall build Jerusalem,
Both heart in heart and hand in hand.

William Blake : Jerusalem.



AT THE ALBERT HALL

WENT with R—— to the Albert Hall to the *Empress of Ireland* Memorial Concert with massed bands. We heard the *Symphonie Pathétique*, Chopin's Funeral March, *Trauermarsch* from *Götterdämmerung*, the Ride of the Valkyries, and a solemn melody from Bach.

This afternoon I regard as a mountain peak in my existence. For two solid hours I sat like an Eagle on a rock gazing into infinity—a very fine sensation for a London Sparrow. . . .

I have an idea that if it were possible to assemble the sick and suffering day by day in the Albert Hall and keep the Orchestra going all the time, then the constant exposure of sick parts to such heavenly air vibrations would ultimately restore to them the lost rhythm of health. Surely, even a single exposure to—say Beethoven's

Fifth Symphony—must result in some permanent re-constitution of ourselves body and soul. No one can be quite the same after a Beethoven Symphony has streamed thro' him. If one could *develop* a human soul like a negative the effect I should say could be seen. . . . I'll tell you what I wish they'd do—seriously : divide up the arena into a series of cubicles where, unobserved and in perfect privacy, a man could execute all the various movements of his body and limbs which the music prompts. It would be such a delicious self-indulgence and it's torture to be jammed into a seat where you can't even tap one foot or wave an arm.

The concert restored my moral health. I came away in love with people I was hating before and full of compassion for others I usually condemn. A feeling of immeasurable well being—a jolly bonhomie enveloped me like incandescent light. At the close when we stood up to sing the National Anthem we all felt a genuine spirit of camaraderie. Just as when Kings die, we were silent musing upon the common fate, and when the time came to separate we were loath to go our several ways, for we were comrades who together had come thro' a great experience. For my part I wanted to shake hands all round—happy travellers now alas ! at the journey's end and never perhaps to meet again—never.

R—— and I walked up thro' Kensington Gardens like two young Gods !

' I even like that bloody thing ' I said, pointing to the Albert Memorial.

We pointed out pretty girls to one another, watched the children play ring-a-ring-a-roses on the grass. We laughed exultingly at the thought of our dismal colleagues . . . tho' I said (as before !) I loved 'em all—God bless 'em—even old ——. R—— said it was nothing short of insolence on their part to have neglected the opportunity of coming to the Concert.

Later on, an old gaffer up from the country stopped us to ask the way to Rotten Row—I overwhelmed him with directions and happy descriptive details. I felt like walking with him and showing him what a wonderful place the world is.

After separating from R—— very reluctantly—it was horrible to be left alone in such high spirits—walked up towards the Round Pond, and caught myself avoiding the shadows of the trees—so as to be every moment out in the blazing sun. I scoffed inwardly at the timorousness of pale, anæmic folk whom I passed hiding in the shadows of the elms.

At the Round Pond came across a Bulldog who was biting out great chunks of water and in luxuriant wastefulness letting it drool out again from each corner of his mouth. I watched this old fellow greedily (it was very hot), as well pleased with him and his liquid 'chops' as with anything I saw, unless it were a girl and a man lying full length along the grass and kissing beneath a sunshade. I smiled ; she saw me, and smiled, too, in return, and then fell to kissing again.

W. N. P. Barbellion :
The Journal of a Disappointed Man.

THIEVES!

To George Montague, Esq.

STRAWBERRY HILL, *June 6, 1752.*

I HAVE just been in London for two or three days, to fetch an adventure, and am returned to my hill and my castle. I can't say I lost my labour, as you shall hear. Last Sunday night, being as wet a night as you shall see in a summer's day, about half an hour after twelve, I was just come home from White's, and undressing to step into bed, I heard Harry, who you know lies forwards, roar out, 'Stop thief!' and run down stairs. I ran after him. Don't be frightened; I have not lost one enamel, nor bronze, nor have been shot through the head again. A gentlewoman, who lives at Governor Pitt's, next door but one to me, and where Mr. Bentley used to live, was going to bed too, and heard people breaking into Mr. Freeman's house, who, like some acquaintance of mine in Albemarle Street, goes out of town, locks up his doors, and leaves the community to watch his furniture. *N.B.* It was broken open but two years ago, and I and all the chairmen vow they shall steal his house away another time, before we will trouble our heads about it. Well, madam called out 'watch'; two men, who were centinels, ran away, and Harry's voice after them. Down came I, and with a posse of chairmen and watchmen found the third fellow in the area of Mr. Freeman's house. Mayhap you have seen all this in the papers, little thinking who

commanded the detachment. Harry fetched a blunderbuss to invite the thief up. One of the chairmen, who was drunk, cried, 'Give me the blunderbuss, I'll shoot him !' But as the general's head was a little cooler, he prevented military execution, and took the prisoner without bloodshed, intending to make his triumphal entry into the metropolis of Twickenham with his captive tied to the wheels of his post-chaise. I find my style rises so much with the recollection of my victory, that I don't know how to descend to tell you that the enemy was a carpenter, and had a leather apron on. The next step was to share my glory with my friends. I despatched a courier to White's for George Selwyn, who, you know, loves nothing upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him. It happened very luckily that the drawer, who received my message, has very lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and with a hollow trembling voice said, 'Mr. Selwyn ! Mr. Walpole's compliments to you, and he has got a house-breaker for you !' A squadron immediately came to reinforce me, and having summoned Moreland with the keys of the fortress, we marched into the house to search for more of the gang. Col. Seabright with his sword drawn went first, and then I, exactly the figure of Robinson Crusoe, with a candle and lanthorn in my hand, a carbine upon my shoulder, my hair wet and about my ears, and in a linen night-gown and slippers. We found the kitchen shutters forced, but not finished ; and in the area a tremendous bag of tools, a hammer large enough for the

hand of a Jael, and six chisels ! All which *opima spolia*, as there was no temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in the neighbourhood, I was reduced to offer on the altar of Sir Thomas Clarges.

I am now, as I told you, returned to my plough with as much humility and pride as any of my great predecessors. We lead quite a rural life, have had a sheep-shearing, a hay-making, a syllabub under the cow, and a fishing of three gold fish out of Poyang,¹ for a present to Madam Clive. They breed with me excessively, and are grown to the size of small perch. Everything grows, if tempests would let it ; but I have had two of my largest trees broke to-day with the wind, and another last week. I am much obliged to you for the flower you offer me, but by the description it is an Austrian rose, and I have several now in bloom. Mr. Bentley is with me, finishing the drawings for Gray's Odes ; there are some mandarin-cats fishing for gold fish, which will delight you ; *au reste*, he is just where he was ; he has heard something about a journey to Haughton, to the great Cu of Haticuleo (the Earl of Halifax), but it don't seem fixed, unless he hears farther. . . . Adieu ! My compliments to Miss Montagu.

The Letters of Horace Walpole.

¹ Walpole had given this Chinese name to a pond of gold-fish at Strawberry Hill.



ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT

AT the North west corner of this warde in the said high streete, standeth the faire and beautifull parish Church of S. Andrew the Apostle, with an addition, to be knowne from other Churches of that name, of the Knappe or Undershaft, and so called S. Andrew Undershaft, because that of old time, everie yeare on May day in the morning it was used, that an high or long shaft, or May-pole, was set up there, in the midst of the streete, before the south doore of the sayd Church, which shaft when it was set on ende, and fixed in the ground, was higher then the Church steeple. Geffrey Chawcer, writing of a vaine boaster, hath these wordes meaning of the said shaft.

Right well aloft, and high ye beare your heade,
The weather cocke, with flying, as ye would kill,
When ye be stuffed, bet of wine then brede,
Then looke ye, when your wombe doth fill,
As ye would beare the great shaft of Cornehill,
Lord so merrily crowdeth then your croke,
That all the streete may heare your body cloke.

This shaft was not raysed at any time since evill May day (so called of an insurrection made by Prentises, and other young persons against Aliens in the yeare 1517) but the said shaft was laid along over the doores, and under the Pentises of one rowe of houses, and Alley gate, called of the shaft, shaft Alley, (being of the possessions of Rochester bridge) in the warde of Limestreete. It was there I say hanged on Iron hookes many yeares, till the

third of king Edward the sixt, that one Sir Stephen, curat of S. Katherine Christs Church, preaching at Paules Crosse, said there, that this shaft was made an Idoll, by naming the Church of Saint Andrew, with the addition of under that shaft : hee perswaded therefore that the names of Churches might bee altered : also that the names of dayes in the weeke might be changed, the fish dayes to be kept any dayes, except Friday and Saturday, and the Lent any time, save only betwixt Shrovetide and Easter : I have oft times seene this man, forsaking the Pulpit of his said Parish Church, preach out of an high Elme tree in the middest of the Church yarde, and then entering the Church, forsaking the Alter, to have sung his high Masse in English upon a Tombe of the deade towards the North. I heard his Sermon at Paules Crosse, and I saw the effect that followed : for in the after noone of that present Sunday, the neighbours, and Tenants to the sayde Bridge, over whose doores the saide Shaft had laine, after they had dined to make themselves strong, gathered more helpe, and with great labour raying the Shaft from the hooks, whereon it had rested two and thirtie yeares, they sawed it in peeces, everie man taking for his share so much as had laine over his doore and stall, the length of his house, and they of the Alley divided amongst them so much as had layne over their Alley gate. Thus was this Idoll (as he tearmed it) mangled, and after burned.

John Stow : A Survey of London : 1603.



- A. Another View, Lord Strafford
on the Scaffold
- B. The Scaffold, a large
C. The Scaffold, a large
D. The Scaffold, a large

The Execution of the Earl of Strafford on Tower Hill, 1641.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE view up Portland Place is strikingly grand and effective. The vista is one of the finest in this fine part of the metropolis, finished as it is, by the paradisiacal views of the park. It is an inclined plane of architectural beauty, rising from the spot where we are viewing it, to a climax of scenic perfection, in the distance, that cannot be paralleled in Europe ; whether we consider the wealth that it embodies, the salubrity of the site which surrounds it, or the optical beauty which results from this charming combination of architecture, sculpture and landscape gardening.

The season of the year too, adds to the beauty of the passing scene. It is now the middle of the London season, the town is resplendently full, the weather as splendidly gay and exhilarating, the inhabitants all life and bustle, and the circumstance of the last drawing room for the season being held to day, makes this opulent and fashionable quarter of the town as lively as an ant-hill. Every equipage is bearing towards Regent Street, in its way to the palace.

This splendid carriage, with the armed hey-duke behind it, coming out of Duchess Street, is Prince Esterhazy's, which contains diamonds enough to purchase a manor. The crowd now surrounding the carriages and front of the house on the left, just above Weymouth Street, are waiting to see the splendid cortege of the Prince de Polignac the French Ambassador, who is going to pay

the respects of his royal master Charles x. to our justly popular sovereign. The Spanish Ambassador on the opposite side, and the newly acknowledged Colombian minister, Count Hurtad, his neighbour, are also preparing to join in the gratifying ceremony.

I say, gratifying, when I reflect upon the different feelings that actuated our public men, during the last desolating and expensive war, when rivalry in bloodshed and horrors devastated the finest countries in Europe ; and now, when our greatest rivalries are in the arts of peace, in commerce, in literature, in the fine arts, in science, in all the elegancies that adorn and support human nature. In these instances all parties are the gainers, for even the unsuccessful for the paramount prize, reap a profit, whilst, in war, the very conquerors are awful losers.

Now let us cross over to the portico of the south-eastern building of Langham Place, and take a look at the singular originality of All Souls' Church. Stay ! our station here, if the carriages of the noble ambassadors do not rout us from our post, is one of the best. The portico and wing of that house, with the hatchment over it, bring an agreeable contrast to the church, and with the superb coach manufactory of Messrs. Marks, in the distance, form an architectural picture of no small beauty.

The circular peristyle of the whimsical Ionic portico, the capitals of which are composed of winged cherubim, whose heads peer between the volutes with which their wings are intermingling, like owls displayed on the posts of a Dutch barn, have a very good and very original effect

from the situation where we now stand. The circular tower within it, that pierces the soffit of the portico, is solid and effective, and where it rises above the balustrade that crosses the cornice, into a circular stylobate to the Corinthian Peripteral temple that forms the bell-tower, it is really productive of beauty, in form and proportion. Nor am I disposed, now my eye has become somewhat used to the daring novelty, to object to the *gothic* innovation of the *impaling* spire, with its sharpened iron apex, placed as a finial to the Dædalain beauty of the campanile, as some have done, who with more of wit than love for originality, have compared it to a flat candlestick surmounted by a thick candle, and a little non-fit extinguisher upon its top.

Elegancies, like the steeples of Bow and of St. Bride's, would cloy, if stuck over every church and chapel in the metropolis, and to omit all credit due to Mr. Nash for his bold originality in this singular tower and spire, would be unfair, for it really possesses much intrinsic beauty of form, and is no mean ornament to the neighbourhood.

The manufactory of Messrs. Marks & Son beyond it, would have been admired, even for a mansion, in the plain times of the Portman Square architects, but is now lost among the architectural beauties of the new metropolis in the nineteenth century.

Here we approach the commercial portions of the street : and in no part of Mr. Nash's style is he more happy than the adaptation of his means to his end. The style of architecture now assumes a different appearance. The portion we have just left, as forming the isthmus

between wealth and commerce, is composed of smaller houses, which can be let at smaller rents than either those of the continent of fashion that we are leaving, or those of the great peninsula of commerce that we are approaching. They are also of that dual character that partakes both of the shop and the private house, and can be used for either as circumstances require.

Now, there is nothing doubtful in style ; wide handsome fronts, calculated for broad showy shop-windows, wherein goods and manufactured articles of the most splendid description, such as the neighbouring world of wealth and fashion are in daily want of, may be displayed to the greatest advantage ; and wide private doors for entrance to the handsome upper apartments, for letting as furnished lodgings to the temporary visitors of the metropolis, are the prevailing characters.

These spots were let to the original builders at heavy ground-rents, and consequently the rents of the houses are proportionably high, and nothing but the costliness of the articles, and the great quantity of them which are sold, could enable the shop-keepers and tradesmen to pay them and procure a living profit. The rivalry of many persons of the same occupations prevent extortion, and keep the goods sold in this splendid mart of retail trade at moderate prices.

*James Elmes : Metropolitan Improvements : published
by Jones & Co., The Temple of the Muses
(Late Lackington's), Finsbury Square : 1828.*

THE HONEST POLICEMAN OF
MITCHAM

SOME Policemen are right honest men,
And some we know are gluttons,
Some cookey darling courting goes,
To taste her roasted mutton :

Some can twirl the rolling-pin
If girls should them draw nigh, sir,
Some are fond of rabbit skins,
And some of rabbit pie, sir.

A house the Sergeant had to keep,
At least for to look after,
He was a guardian of the peace,
And had a wife and daughter.

The Sergeant in the parlour lived,
And his lady in the kitchen,
And such a game they carried on,
Good lack a day, at Mitcham.

Such a lot of property was there,
Belonging to Captain Higging,
And so it seems the Sergeant and
His lady went a prigging.

They took the sofas and the beds,
The blankets and the cradles,
The silver plate, the chamber mug,
Chairs and mahogany tables.

Two hundred sovereigns worth of goods,
Pianoforte and shawls, sir,
And then for safety placed them in
The hands of Uncle Balls, sir.

The neighbours say they had as much
As they could well desire,
And then to hide the wicked deed,
They set the place on fire.

The Captain of his rights,
They did so nicely fleece him,
But great suspicion fell upon
The Sergeant of Policemen.

The Sergeant thought to cut his stick,
And bolt across the water,
But Justice the Policeman caught,
His honest wife and daughter.

Alas ! poor Bob has gone to quod,
And that I know won't suit him,
They know him well at Mitcham, and
In Merton, and in Tooting.

For soon he will his trial take,
 And hard bull beef be munching,
 He'll lose his lantern, coat and cape,
 And curse his wooden trunchéon.

To steal another's goods his hands,
 And fingers were a itching
 And he will run and look so blue,
 About the job at Mitcham.

Poor Sergeant Bob has gone to quod
 A place that does not suit him,
 They know him well at Merton round,
 In Mitcham and in Tooting.

John Ashton : Modern Street Ballads : 1888.



ANECDOTES

DOCTOR FORDYCE sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient, when he was more than half-seas-over, and conscious that he was so. Feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered, 'Drunk, by God !' Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed : and just as he was thinking what explanation of his behaviour he should offer to the lady, a letter from her was put into his hand. 'She too well knew,' said the letter, 'that he had discovered the unfortunate condition

in which she was when he last visited her ; and she entreated him to keep the matter secret in consideration of the enclosed ' (a hundred-pound bank-note).

*

I saw Lunardi make the first ascent in a balloon which had been witnessed in England. It was from the Artillery Ground. Fox was there with his brother General F. The crowd was immense. Fox, happening to put his hand down to his watch, found another hand upon it, which he immediately seized. ' My friend,' said he to the owner of the strange hand, ' you have chosen an occupation which will be your ruin at last.'—' O, Mr. Fox,' was the reply, ' forgive me, and let me go ! I have been driven to this course by necessity alone ; my wife and children are starving at home.' Fox, always tender-hearted, slipped a guinea into the hand, and then released it. On the conclusion of the show, Fox was proceeding to look what o'clock it was. ' Good God,' cried he, ' my watch is gone ! '—' Yes,' answered General F., ' I know it is ; I saw your friend take it.'—' Saw him take it ! and you made no attempt to stop him ? '—' Really, you and he appeared to be on such good terms with each other, that I did not choose to interfere.'

*

When I was a lad, I recollect seeing a whole cartful of young girls, in dresses of various colours, on their way to be executed at Tyburn. They had all been condemned, on one indictment, for having been concerned in (that is, perhaps, for having been spectators of) the burning of

some houses during Lord George Gordon's riots. It was quite horrible. — Greville was present at one of the trials consequent on those riots, and heard several boys sentenced, to their own excessive amazement, to be hanged. 'Never,' said Greville with great *naïveté*, 'did I see boys *cry so*.'

*

Humphrey Howarth, the surgeon, was called out, and made his appearance in the field stark naked, to the astonishment of the challenger, who asked him what he meant. 'I know,' said H., 'that if any part of the clothing is carried into the body by a gunshot wound, festering ensues; and therefore I have met you thus.' His antagonist declared that fighting with a man *in puris naturalibus* would be quite ridiculous; and accordingly they parted without further discussion.

*

Major Price was a great favourite with George the Third, and ventured to say any thing to him. They were walking together in the grounds at Windsor Castle, when the following dialogue took place. 'I shall certainly,' said the King, 'order this tree to be cut down.' — 'If it is cut down, your majesty will have destroyed the finest tree about the Castle.' — 'Really, it is surprising that people constantly oppose my wishes.' — 'Permit me to observe, that if your majesty will not allow people to speak, you will never hear the truth.' — 'Well, Price, I believe you are right.'

When the Duke of Clarence (William the Fourth)

was a very young man, he happened to be dining at the Equerries' table. Among the company was Major Price. The Duke told one of his facetious stories. 'Excellent !' said Price ; ' I wish I could believe it.'— ' If you say that again, Price,' cried the Duke, ' I 'll send this claret at your head.' Price did say it again. Accordingly the claret came,—and it was returned.—I had this from Lord St. Helens, who was one of the party.

Once, when in company with William the Fourth, I quite forgot that it is against all etiquette to ask a sovereign about his health ; and, on his saying to me, ' Mr. Rogers, I hope you are well,' I replied, ' Very well, I thank your majesty : I trust that your majesty is quite well also.' Never was a king in greater confusion ; he didn't know where to look, and stammered out, ' Yes,—yes,—only a little rheumatism.'

Dyce's Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers.



PETTICOAT LANE

December 15, 1914.

This morning, being Sunday, went to Petticoat Lane and enjoyed myself.

On turning the corner to go into Middlesex Street, as it is now called, the first thing I saw was a little girl—a Jewess—being tackled for selling Belgian buttonhole flags by two policemen who ultimately marched her off to the police station.

In the Lane, first of all, was a ' Royal Ascot Jockey

Scales' made of brass and upholstered in gaudy red velvet—a penny a time. A very fat man was being weighed and looked a little distressed on being given his ticket.

'Another stone,' he told the crowd mournfully.

'You'll have to eat less pork,' some one volunteered and we all laughed.

Next door to the Scales was a man selling gyroscopes. 'Something scientific, amusing as well as instructive, illustrating the principles of gravity and stability. What I show you is what I sell—price one shilling. Who?'

I stopped next at a stall containing nothing but caps—'any size, any colour, any pattern, a shilling apiece—now then!' This show was being run by two men—a Jew in a fur cap on one side of the stall and a very powerful-looking sort of Captain Cuttle on the other—a seafaring man, almost as broad as he was long, with a game leg and the voice of a skipper in a hurricane. Both these men were selling caps at a prodigious pace, and with the insouciance of tradesmen sure of their custom. The skipper would seize a cap, chuck it across to a timid prospective purchaser, and, if he dropped it, chuck him over another, crying, with a 'yo-heave-ho' boisterousness, 'Oh! what a game, what a bees' nest.'

Upon the small head of another customer he would squash down his largest sized cap saying at once:—

'There, you look the finest gentleman—oh! ah! a little too large.'

At which we all laughed, the customer looked silly, but took no offence.

‘Try this,’ yells the skipper above the storm, and takes off his own cap. ‘Oh ! ye needn’t be afraid—I washed my hair last—year.’ (Laughter.)

Then to his partner, the Jew on the other side of the stall, ‘Oh ! what a face you’ve got. Here ! 6d. for any one who can tell me what it is. Why not take it to the trenches and get it smashed in ?’

The Jew wore spectacles and had a soft ingratiating voice and brown doe-like eyes—a Jew in every respect. ‘Oh !’ says he, in the oleaginous Semitic way, and accurately taking up his cue (for all this was rehearsed patter), ‘my wife says “my face is my fortune.”’

‘No wonder you’re so hard up and’ve got to take in lodgers. What’s yer name ?’

‘John Jones,’ in a demure wheedling voice.

‘Hoo—that’s not your name in your own bloody country—I expect it’s Hullabullinsky.’

‘Do you know what my name really is ?’

‘No.’

‘It’s Assenheimopoplocatdwizlinsky Kovorod.’

(Loud laughter.)

‘I shall call you ‘ass’ for short.’

I was laughing loudly at these two clowns and the skipper observing as much, shouted out to me :—

‘Parlez-vous français, M’sieur ?’

‘Oui, oui,’ said I.

‘Ah ! lah, you’re one of us—oh ! what a game ! what a bees’ nest,’ and all the time he went on selling caps and chucking them at the purchasers.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary things I saw was

a stream of young men who, one after another, came up to a stall, paid a penny and swallowed a glass of 'nerve tonic'—a green liquid syphoned out of a large jar—warranted a safe cure for

'Inward weakness, slightest flurry or body oppressed.'

Another man was pulling teeth and selling tooth powder. Some of the little urchins' teeth, after he had cleaned them as a demonstration, were much whiter than their faces or his. 'This was 'the original Chas. Assenheim.'

Mrs. Meyers, 'not connected with any one else of the same name in the Lane,' was selling eels at 2d., 3d. and 6d. and doing a brisk trade too.

But I should go on for hours if I were to tell everything seen in this remarkable lane during an hour and a half on a Sunday morning. Each stall-holder sells only one kind of article—caps or clocks or songs, braces, shawls, indecent literature, concertinas, gramophones, coats, pants, reach-me-downs, epergnes. The thoroughfare was crowded with people (I saw two Lascars in red fez caps) inspecting the goods displayed and attentively observed by numerous policemen. The alarm clocks were all going off, each gramophone was working a record (a different one !) and every tradesman shouting his wares—a perfect pandemonium.

W. N. P. Barbellion :
The Journal of a Disappointed Man.



ON LONDONERS AND COUNTRY
PEOPLE

I DO not agree with *Mr. Blackwood* in his definition of the word 'Cockney.' *He* means by it a person who has happened at any time to live in London, and who is not a Tory : *I* mean by it a person who has never lived out of London, and who has got all his ideas from it.

The true Cockney has never travelled beyond the purlieus of the metropolis, either in the body or the spirit. Primrose Hill is the *Ultima Thule* of his most romantic desires ; Greenwich Park stands him in stead of the Vales of Arcady. Time and space are lost to him. He is confined to one spot, and to the present moment. He sees everything near, superficial, little, in hasty succession. The world turns round, and his head with it, like a round-about at a fair, till he becomes stunned and giddy with the motion. Figures glide by as in a *camera obscura*. There is a glare, a perpetual hubbub, a noise, a crowd about him ; he sees and hears a vast number of things, and knows nothing. He is pert, raw, ignorant, conceited, ridiculous, shallow, contemptible. His senses keep him alive ; and he knows, inquires, and cares for nothing further. He meets the Lord Mayor's coach, and without ceremony treats himself to an imaginary ride in it. He notices the people going to court or to a city-feast, and is quite satisfied with the show. He takes the wall of a Lord, and fancies himself as good as he. He sees an infinite quantity of people pass along the street, and thinks there

is no such thing as life or a knowledge of character to be found out of London. 'Beyond Hyde Park all is a desert to him.' He despises the country because he is ignorant of it, and the town because he is familiar with it. He is as well acquainted with St. Paul's as if he had built it, and talks of Westminster Abbey and Poets' Corner with great indifference. The King, the House of Lords, and Commons, are his very good friends. He knows the Members for Westminster or the City by sight, and bows to the sheriffs or the sheriffs' men. He is hand-and-glove with the chairman of some committee. He is, in short, a great man by proxy, and comes so often in contact with fine persons and things, that he rubs off a little of the guilding, and is surcharged with a sort of secondhand, vapid, tingling, troublesome self-importance. His personal vanity is thus continually flattered and perked up into ridiculous self-complacency, while his imagination is jaded and impaired by daily misuse. Everything is vulgarised in his mind. Nothing dwells long enough on it to produce an interest; nothing is contemplated sufficiently at a distance to excite curiosity or wonder. *Your true Cockney is your only true leveller.* Let him be as low as he will, he fancies he is as good as anybody else. He has no respect for himself, and still less (if possible) for you. He cares little about his own advantages, if he can only make a jest at yours. Every feeling comes to him through a medium of levity and impertinence; nor does he like to have this habit of mind disturbed by being brought into collision with anything serious or respectable. He despairs (in such a crowd of com-

petitors) of distinguishing himself, but laughs heartily at the idea of being able to trip up the heels of other people's pretensions. A Cockney feels no gratitude. This is a first principle with him. He regards any obligation you confer upon him as a species of imposition, a ludicrous assumption of fancied superiority. He talks about everything, for he has heard something about it ; and understanding nothing of the matter, concludes he has as good a right as you. He is a politician, for he has seen the Parliament House ; he is a critic, because he knows the principal actors by sight ; has a taste for music, because he belongs to a glee-club at the West End ; and is gallant, in virtue of sometimes frequenting the lobbies at half-price. A mere Londoner, in fact, from the opportunities he has of knowing something of a number of objects (and those striking ones) fancies himself a sort of privileged person ; remains satisfied with the assumption of merits, so much the more unquestionable as they are not his own ; and from being dazzled with noise, show, and appearances, is less capable of giving a real opinion, or entering into any subject, than the meanest peasant. There are greater lawyers, orators, painters, philosophers, poets, players in London, than in any other part of the United Kingdom : he is a Londoner, and therefore it would be strange if he did not know more of law, eloquence, art, philosophy, poetry, acting, than anyone without his local advantages, and who is merely from the country. This is a *non sequitur* ; and it constantly appears so when put to the test.

*

If familiarity in cities breeds contempt, ignorance in the country breeds aversion and dislike. People come too much in contact in town, in other places they live too much apart, to unite cordially and easily. Our feelings, in the former case, are dissipated and exhausted by being called into constant and vain activity ; in the latter they rust and grow dead for want of use. If there is an air of levity and indifference in London manners, there is a harshness, a moroseness, and disagreeable restraint in those of the country. We have little disposition to sympathy, when we have few persons to sympathise with : we lose the relish and capacity for social enjoyment, the seldomer we meet. A habit of sullenness, coldness, and misanthropy grows upon us. If we look for hospitality and a cheerful welcome in country places, it must be in those where the arrival of a stranger is an event, the recurrence of which need not be greatly apprehended, or it must be on rare occasions, on 'some high festival of once a year.' Then indeed the stream of hospitality, so long dammed up, may flow without stint for a short season ; or a stranger may be expected with some sort of eager impatience as a caravan of wild beasts, or any other natural curiosity, that excites our wonder and fills up the craving of the mind after novelty. By degrees, however, even this last principle loses its effect : books, newspapers, whatever carries us out of ourselves into a world of which we see and know nothing, become distasteful, repulsive ; and we turn away with indifference or disgust from everything that disturbs our lethargic animal existence, or takes off our attention from our petty

local interests and pursuits. Man, left long to himself, is no better than a mere clod ; or his activity, for want of some other vent, preys upon himself, or is directed to splenetic, peevish dislikes, or vexations, harassing persecution of others. I once drew a picture of a country life : it was a portrait of a particular place, a caricature if you will, but with certain allowances, I fear it was too like in the individual instance, and that it will hold too generally true.

If these, then, are the faults and vices of the inhabitants of town or of the country, where should a man go to live, so as to escape from them ? I answer, that in the country we have the society of the groves, the fields, the brooks, and in London a man may keep to himself, or choose his company as he pleases.

It appears to me that there is an amiable mixture of these two opposite characters in a person who chances to have passed his youth in London, and who has retired into the country for the rest of his life. We may find in such a one a social polish, a pastoral simplicity. He rusticates agreeably, and vegetates with a degree of sentiment. He comes to the next post-town to see for letters, watches the coaches as they pass, and eyes the passengers with a look of familiar curiosity, thinking that he, too, was a gay fellow in his time. He turns his horse's head down the narrow lane that leads homewards, puts on an old coat to save his wardrobe, and fills his glass nearer to the brim. As he lifts the purple juice to his lips and to his eye, and in the dim solitude that hems him round, thinks of the glowing line—

LONDON CHIMES

This bottle's the sun of our table—

another sun rises upon his imagination—the sun of his youth, the blaze of vanity, the glitter of the metropolis, 'glares round his soul, and mocks his closing eyelids,' the distant roar of coaches is in his ears—the pit stare upon him with a thousand eyes—Mrs. Siddons, Bannister, King, are before him—he starts as from a dream, and swears he will to London ; but the expense, the length of way deters him, and he rises the next morning to trace the footsteps of the hare that has brushed the dewdrops from the lawn, or to attend a meeting of Magistrates ! Mr. Justice Shallow answered in some sort to this description of a retired Cockney and indigenous country gentleman. He 'knew the Inns of Court, where they would talk of mad Shallow yet, and where the *bona robas* were, and had them at commandment : aye, and had heard the chimes at midnight !'

William Hazlitt : On Londoners and Country People.



LONDON CHIMES

'ORANGES and lemons'
Say the bells of St. Clement's :
'Lend me five farthings'
Say the bells of St. Martin's :
'When will you pay me ?'
Say the bells of Old Bailey :

‘ When I am rich ’
Say the bells of Shoreditch :
‘ When will that be ? ’
Say the bells of Stepney :
‘ I ’m sure I don’t know ’
Says the big bell of Bow.

Nursery Rhyme.



THE RIGHT PLACE

BUT of all cities, London, after all, is surely the finest to look at. You find it out if you have lived there in your youth, and then been long away, but sometimes revisit the place. You see it then with effectually opened eyes, as the man who has long been in some tropical wild sees rural England revealed while his train comes up from Plymouth through two hundred miles of trimmed, fenced garden, half-miraculous, half-laughable and wholly endearing. Fleet Street when the lamps are being lit on a clear evening ; Southwark, its ramshackle wharves and mud foreshores, seen from Waterloo Bridge at five o’clock on a sunny June morning, the eighteenth-century bank of the river looking across to its nineteenth-century bank ; the Temple’s enclaves of peace where, the roar of the Strand comes so softened, you hear the lowest chirp of a sparrow, twenty yards away, planted clear and edgy, like a little foreground figure, on that dim background of sound ; the liberal arc of a mighty circle of buildings

massed above the Embankment, drawn upon the darkness in dotted lines of light, as a night train brings you in to Charing Cross ; the long line of big ships dropping noiselessly down the silent river, past Greenwich and Grays, on the ebb of a midnight high tide—O, there are endless courses to this feast.

And it changes incessantly. Westminster Hall and the Abbey may give you a faint illusion of permanence, just as the Matterhorn does, though it is falling down into the valleys all day. But quit your London for some thirty years and then come back and look. Wych Street, unwidened since the Plague, has disappeared ; Clare Market is gone, so is New Inn ; the island church west of old Temple Bar is islanded now with a vengeance, right out in mid-stream, with the buses flowing all round it—it that used, like a Thames ait, to hug the northern bank, with only a small back-water of roadway between ; a little farther west along the Strand there has vanished that curious old constriction of a London artery, the pinched gut where the thud of the East-and-West traffic used to fall almost silent as all the horses slowed down to walk through the strait. And where is the old Globe Theatre, with its redolent name ? And the Olympic, whose plaster and brick must surely have been all a-tingle with the quaint ingenuous tushery of ‘ strong ’ Victorian drama, as old fiddles are with all the melody ever made on them ? And, then the catacombish Opéra Comique, into which your youthful feet would descend as into a mine, leaving behind the blessed light of day ? What, ‘ all my pretty ones ? ’ Yea, and the old Strand Theatre

too, on the south of the Strand, where 'Our Boys' reigned in glory.

Yet it is all perfectly right. Let everything—almost everything—change with a will, in any city that you love. People gush and moan too much about the loss of ancient buildings of no special note—'landmarks' and 'links with the past.' In towns, as in human bodies, the only state of health is one of rapid wasting and repair. Wych Street, Clare Market, New Inn—they matter about as much as so many hairs or the tips of so many nails of some beloved person. The time for misgiving would come if the architectural tissues of London ever ceased to be swiftly dissolved and renewed. Woe unto her only when, like Ravenna or Venice, she buries no longer her architectural dead but keeps their bodies about her till they and she all mortify together into one great curio of petrification, like some antique mummy, a prodigy of embalmment. Kingsway, Aldwych and all the demolitions that made way for them were salutary signs of molecular activity in London's body. The Old Bailey was no bitter loss. Over Christ's Hospital itself the wise lover of London soon wiped away his tears. In the great ages of art, buildings have not been regarded as if immortality were their due. It is but an invalidish modern notion that any house which is handsome or has had an illustrious tenant ought to be coddled into the preternatural old age which the Struldbrugs of Gulliver found to be so disappointing. Cities whose health is robust are never content to live, as it were, on their funded capital of achievement in

building or anything else ; they push on ; they think more of building well now than of not pulling down. And no cities are so excitingly beautiful as those in which architecture is still alive and at work, as it is in London to-day. Their faces are both ancient and young, without disharmony, for all good work, of any time or kind, can live at peace with the rest. The old looks and the young looks play a chequer-work over such faces ; it may be as pleasant as any that patches of light and shadow make on the side of a hill on days of sunshine and blown cloud.

C. E. Montague : The Right Place.



INDEX

ORIGINS	<i>page</i> 3
THE LONDONER	3
MR. PEPYS	6
TRUE LOVE REQUITED OR THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON	9
OLD LONDON BRIDGE	12
A BARMAID SHOW	16
MASKERS	19
IN HONOUR OF THE CITY OF LONDON	20
PICKWICK	23
SPORTS	30
FEASTS	34
PURITAN REGULATIONS	42
DR. JOHNSON SAYS . . .	44
CLUBS	45
TOWN AND COUNTRY	47
THE BERNERS STREET HOAX	50
MIDSUMMER	54
FROST FAIR	55
LONDON POOL	59
THE PLAGUE	66
THE FIRE OF LONDON	70
THE REBUILDING OF LONDON	75
JOE COSE IN LONDON	80

INDEX

THE CONFIDENCE TRICK	<i>page</i> 82
THE STRAND	88
O RARE BEN JONSON !	90
THE PALACE OF WHITEHALL	91
A CORONATION	96
LIBERTY	101
AT THE ALBERT HALL	105
THIEVES !	108
ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT	111
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO	113
THE HONEST POLICEMAN OF MITCHAM	117
ANECDOTES	119
PETTICOAT LANE	122
ON LONDONERS AND COUNTRY PEOPLE	126
LONDON CHIMES	131
THE RIGHT PLACE	132



PLATES

VAUXHALL GARDENS. By ROWLANDSON

Frontispiece

EASTCHEAP MARKET *facing page 16*

DANDIES AND DANDYZETTES, 1818 46

LONDON BEFORE THE GREAT FIRE,
1666 66

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, 1821 96

THE EXECUTION OF THE EARL OF
STRAFFORD, 1641 112



A SELECT LIST
OF RECENT AND STANDARD BOOKS

published by

CHATTO & WINDUS
97 & 99 ST. MARTIN'S LANE
LONDON





A SELECT LIST
OF RECENT AND STANDARD BOOKS
published by
CHATTO & WINDUS

—♦♦—
ALL PRICES ARE NET
—♦♦—

ABBOTT, CLAUDE COLLEER

MISS BEDELL, AND OTHER POEMS. 5s. Limited Edition of
50 numbered copies signed by the Author, 10s. 6d.

ACKERLEY, J. R.

THE PRISONERS OF WAR: A PLAY IN 3 ACTS. Paper, 3s. 6d.;
cloth, 5s.

À KEMPIS, THOMAS

OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. Whytford's translation.
Illustrated in colour by W. Russell Flint. 9s.

AUGUSTINE, SAINT

THE CONFESSIONS. Pusey's translation. Edited by Temple
Scott. With an introduction by Alice Meynell. Illus-
trated in colour by Maxwell Armfield. 9s.

AUSTEN, JANE

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP, and Other Early Works now first
published. With introduction by G. K. Chesterton.
6s.

BARBELLION, W. N. P.

THE JOURNAL OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN. With an introduction
by H. G. Wells. Cr. 8vo, 6s.; *St. Martin's Library*,
3s. 6d. and 5s.

ENJOYING LIFE : AND OTHER LITERARY REMAINS. 6s.

A LAST DIARY. 6s.

BARRY, IRIS

LET 'S GO TO THE PICTURES. Illustrated. 7s. 6d.

BELL, CLIVE

LANDMARKS IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING. Illustrated.
10s. 6d.

ART : A CRITICAL ESSAY. 5s.

POT-BOILERS. Essays on Literature and Art. 6s.

SINCE CÉZANNE. Essays on Art. 7s.

ON BRITISH FREEDOM. 3s. 6d.

BELLOC, HILAIRE

THE MERCY OF ALLAH. A satirical romance. 7s. 6d.

BENNETT, ARNOLD

FROM THE LOG OF THE VELSA. Illustrated by E. A. Rickards.
18s.

THINGS THAT HAVE INTERESTED ME. 9s.

THINGS THAT HAVE INTERESTED ME : SECOND SERIES. 7s. 6d.

THINGS THAT HAVE INTERESTED ME : THIRD SERIES. 7s. 6d.

BOOKS AND PERSONS. *St. Martin's Library*, 3s. 6d. and 5s.

LEONORA. A novel. 5s.

THE GRAND BABYLON HOTEL. A novel. 5s.

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE. A novel. 5s.

THE GATES OF WRATH. A novel. 5s.

THE GHOST. A novel. 5s.

THE TITLE : A COMEDY IN 3 ACTS.

BENNETT, ARNOLD—*continued.*

JUDITH : A PLAY IN 3 ACTS.

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE : A PLAY IN 4 ACTS.

THE LOVE MATCH : A COMEDY IN 5 SCENES.

BODY AND SOUL : A PLAY IN 4 ACTS.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS : A COMEDY IN 4 ACTS.

CUPID AND COMMONSENSE : A PLAY IN 4 ACTS.

THE BRIGHT ISLAND : A PLAY IN 3 ACTS.

LONDON LIFE : A PLAY IN 3 ACTS. With Edward Knoblock.

MR. PROHACK : A COMEDY IN 3 ACTS. With Edward Knoblock.

* * * All these plays are available in two forms : in cloth, at 5s. each ; in paper, at 3s. 6d. each.

BIRCH, FRANK

MOUNTEBANKS : A PLAY IN 3 ACTS. Paper, 3s. 6d. ; cloth, 5s.

BOCCACCIO

THE DECAMERON. Illustrated by Thomas Derrick. Large cr. 8vo, 10s. 6d. Also without illustrations, *St. Martin's Library*, 3s. 6d. and 5s.

BOLITHO, HECTOR

SOLEMN BOY. A novel. 7s. 6d.

BUSCHOR, E.

GREEK VASE-PAINTING. Translated by G. C. Richards, M.A. With a preface by Prof. Percy Gardner. 160 illustrations. 25s.

CHAMPION, F. W.

WITH A CAMERA IN TIGER-LAND. Profusely illustrated. 30s. net.

CHATTO & WINDUS ALMANACK 1926, A

Decorated in colour and line by Albert Rutherston. With 6 collotype plates, and extracts from authors published by Chatto & Windus. 1s. net. *Edition de luxe out of print.*

CHATTO & WINDUS ALMANACK 1927, A

In diary form. With drawings by Stanley Spencer. 1s. net. Limited edition drawings, 10s. 6d. *A few copies remain.*

CHESTERTON, G. K.

THE RETURN OF DON QUIXOTE. A novel. 7s. 6d.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Cr. 8vo, 7s. 6d.; *St. Martin's Library*, 3s. 6d. and 5s.

THE SUPERSTITION OF DIVORCE. 5s.

CRAIG, E. GORDON

NOTHING : OR, THE BOOKPLATE. With 51 reproductions in colour and black and white, and a cut signed by the Author and pulled by hand from the original wood. (250 numbered copies.) Royal 8vo, £3 3s. Also with 26 reproductions in colour and black and white. Tall demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

CREIGHTON, BASIL

THE HISTORY OF AN ATTRACTION. A novel. 5s.

THE AMOROUS CHEAT. A novel. 7s. 6d.

THE OLD EVE. A novel. 8s.

DALCROZE, E. JAKUES-

RHYTHM, MUSIC AND EDUCATION. Translated from the French by Harold F. Rubinstein. Introduction by Sir W. H. Hadow. 12 illustrations. 15s.

DENT, E. J.

MOZART'S OPERAS : A CRITICAL STUDY. With portraits and musical illustrations. 12s. 6d.

DOSTOEVSKY, FYODOR

DOSTOEVSKY : LETTERS AND REMINISCENCES. Translated, with notes and biographical appendix, by S. S. Koteliansky and J. Middleton Murry. Photogravure frontispiece. 7s. 6d.
LETTERS. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. With 16 illustrations. 6s.

DOZY, REINHART

SPANISH ISLAM. Translated, with biographical introduction and additional notes, by Francis Griffin Stokes. 21s. net.

FAITHFULL, LILIAN M.

IN THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE. With 9 illustrations. 10s. 6d.

FITZGERALD, F. SCOTT

THE GREAT GATSBY. A novel. 7s.

FRANCIS, SAINT

THE FIORETTI OR LITTLE FLOWERS OF S. FRANCIS. Translated by Prof. T. W. Arnold. With 8 coloured plates and 24 in half-tone. Large cr. 8vo, 9s. Also *Florence Press Edition*, 30s.

FRANKAU, GILBERT

THE POETICAL WORKS. 2 vols. 12s. 6d. per vol. Limited edition of 300 copies signed by the Author, 3½ guineas per set.

FRY, ROGER

TRANSFORMATIONS. Critical and Speculative Essays on Art. Profusely illustrated. 31s. 6d.

FLEMISH ART. Illustrated. 6s.

VISION AND DESIGN. Essays on Art. 8 illustrations. 7s. 6d.

ARCHITECTURAL HERESIES OF A PAINTER. 2s.

GARNETT, DAVID

LADY INTO FOX. Illustrated with 12 woodcuts by R. A. Garnett. *Awarded the 'Hawthornden Prize,' and the 'James Tait Black Memorial Prize,' 1923.* 5s.

A MAN IN THE ZOO. Illustrated with 6 woodcuts by R. A. Garnett. 5s.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN. With a frontispiece by R. A. Garnett. 6s.

GO SHE MUST! A novel. 7s. 6d.

PUSS IN BOOTS. Illustrated by R. A. Garnett. *In preparation.*

GARNETT, RAY

A RIDE ON A ROCKING HORSE. A story for children. Illustrated in colour by the Author. 3s. 6d.

GIBBON, EDWARD

THE JOURNALS. The full text is here printed for the first time. Edited with an introduction and notes by D. M. Low. Illustrated. *In preparation.*

GILBERT, SIR W. S.

ORIGINAL PLAYS.

In Four Series. *St. Martin's Library.* See pp. 163-4.

GOGOL, NIKOLAY

Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett.

DEAD SOULS. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.

THE OVERCOAT, AND OTHER STORIES. 7s. 6d.

EVENINGS ON A FARM NEAR DIKANKA. Stories. 7s. 6d.

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL, AND OTHER PLAYS. 7s. 6d.

MIRGOROD. Stories. 7s. 6d. *In preparation.*

GOLDING, LOUIS

DAY OF ATONEMENT. A novel. 3s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.

SUNWARD. Adventures in Italy. 7s. 6d.

SICILIAN NOON. Adventures in Sicily. 7s. 6d.

GORDON, GEORGE

COMPANIONABLE BOOKS. Series I. and II. 2s. 6d. each.

GRIERSON, H. J. C., F.B.A.

THE BACKGROUND OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. And other essays and addresses. 7s. 6d.

HALDANE, CHARLOTTE

MAN'S WORLD. A story of the future. 7s. 6d.

MOTHERHOOD AND ITS ENEMIES. An essay. 6s.

HALDANE, J. B. S.

POSSIBLE WORLDS. Essays on scientific subjects, etc. 7s. 6d.

HARDY, THOMAS.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE. 5s.; *St. Martin's Library*, 3s. 6d. and 5s.

HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER

UNCLE REMUS. With 9 coloured and 50 other illustrations by J. A. Shepherd. 7s. 6d.

NIGHTS WITH UNCLE REMUS. Uniform. 7s. 6d.

HERZEN, ALEXANDER

MY PAST AND THOUGHTS : THE MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER HERZEN. Sole complete and copyright edition. Translated from the Russian, with notes, by Constance Garnett. 6 vols. *St. Martin's Library*, 3s. 6d. each.

HOLMES, SIR CHARLES J.

NOTES ON THE SCIENCE OF PICTURE-MAKING. With photogravure frontispiece and 19 illustrations. Revised edition, 10s. 6d.

NOTES ON THE ART OF REMBRANDT. With photogravure frontispiece and 44 plates. 10s. 6d.

HOUSMAN, LAURENCE

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE. Translated by Laurence Housman. With illustrations and decorations by Paul Woodroffe. 5s.

HOWARD, SIDNEY

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED. A play. '*Pulitzer Prize*,' 1924. Cloth, 5s.; paper, 3s. 6d.

HOWE, BEA

A FAIRY LEAPT UPON MY KNEE. A story, 6s.

HUGHES, RICHARD

A MOMENT OF TIME. Stories. 7s.

CONFESSIO JUVENIS. Collected poems. 5s.

HUXLEY, ALDOUS

PROPER STUDIES. Essays. 7s. 6d.

THOSE BARREN LEAVES. A novel. 7s. 6d.

ANTIC HAY. A novel. 3s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.

CROME YELLOW. A novel. 3s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.

TWO OR THREE GRACES. Stories. 7s. 6d.

LITTLE MEXICAN. Stories. 7s. 6d.

MORTAL COILS. Stories. 3s. 6d. and 6s.

LIMBO. Stories. 3s. 6d. and 5s.

JESTING PILATE: THE DIARY OF A JOURNEY. Illustrated. 16s.

ALONG THE ROAD: NOTES AND ESSAYS OF A TOURIST. 7s. 6d.

ON THE MARGIN: NOTES AND ESSAYS. 3s. 6d. and 6s.

LEDA. And other poems. 5s.

THE DISCOVERY: A COMEDY IN 5 ACTS. Written by Frances Sheridan, and adapted for the modern stage by Aldous Huxley. 5s.

HUXLEY, JULIAN

ESSAYS IN POPULAR SCIENCE. Illustrated. 16s.

ESSAYS OF A BIOLOGIST. 7s. 6d.

HWU-YUNG

A CHINAMAN'S OPINION OF US AND OF HIS OWN COUNTRY.

Translated by J. A. Makepeace. 7s. 6d.

INGRAM, KENNETH

OUT OF DARKNESS. A novel. 7s. 6d.

JOHNSTON, SIR HARRY

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. 4 illustrations. 21s.

JONES, E. B. C.

THE WEDGWOOD MEDALLION. A novel. 7s. 6d.

INIGO SANDYS. A novel. 7s. 6d.

KING, LEONARD W.

A HISTORY OF BABYLONIA FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES TO THE PERSIAN CONQUEST. With maps, plans, and illustrations after the principal monuments of the period.

A HISTORY OF SUMER AND AKKAD : AN ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY RACES OF BABYLONIA FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES TO ABOUT 2000 B.C. 30s.

A HISTORY OF BABYLON FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE MONARCHY, ABOUT 2000 B.C., UNTIL THE CONQUEST OF BABYLON BY CYRUS, 539 B.C. 30s.

LANE, EDWARD WILLIAM

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS. Translated from the Arabic by Edward William Lane ; edited by Edward Stanley Poole. With preface by Stanley Lane-Poole, and illustrated by William Harvey. 3 vols. 22s. 6d. per set.

LARDNER, RING W.

- HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES. Short stories. 7s. 6d.
GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS. Short stories. 7s. 6d.

LARMINIE, MARGARET RIVERS

- SEARCH. A novel. 3s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.
ECHO. A novel. 3s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.
SOAMES GREEN. A novel. 3s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.
DEEP MEADOWS. A novel. 7s. 6d.

LEHMANN, ROSAMOND

- DUSTY ANSWER. A novel. 7s. 6d.

LESLIE, SHANE

- THE SKULL OF SWIFT. A biographical study. Illustrated.
12s. 6d.
THE OPPIDAN. A story of Eton. 3s. 6d. and 8s. 6d.
DOOMSLAND. A story of Ireland. 7s. 6d.
THE CANTAB. A story of Cambridge. 7s. 6d.

LEWIS, WYNDHAM

- THE WILD BODY. Stories. 7s. 6d.
TIME AND WESTERN MAN. An essay. 25s.
THE ART OF BEING RULED. An essay. 18s.

LEYEL, MRS. C. F., AND MISS OLGA HARTLEY

- THE GENTLE ART OF COOKERY. With 750 recipes. 7s. 6d.

LUCAS, E. V.

- THREE HUNDRED GAMES AND PASTIMES : OR, WHAT SHALL WE
DO NOW ? By E. V. Lucas and Elizabeth Lucas. 7s. 6d.
A BOOK OF VERSES FOR CHILDREN. Compiled by E. V. Lucas.
6s.

LUCAS, E. V.—*continued.*

ANNE'S TERRIBLE GOOD NATURE, AND OTHER STORIES. With
12 illustrations by A. H. Buckland. 6s.

THE FLAMP.

THE AMELIORATOR.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S APPRENTICE.

Illustrated in colour and line by Olive Crane. 1s. 6d.
each ; or, together in decorated box, 5s.

A CAT BOOK. Illustrated by Pat Sullivan. 1s. 6d.

LUCAS, F. L.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER. A new text, with
introductions, commentary and textual notes. 4 vols.
18s. each.

AUTHORS DEAD AND LIVING. 7s. 6d.

MACHEN, ARTHUR

THE CANNING WONDER. Illustrated. 10s. 6d.

MACLEOD, JOSEPH GORDON.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. An essay on literature. 7s. 6d.

MAP, WALTER

COURTIERS' TRIFLES ('DE NUGIS CURIALIUM'). Translated
from the Latin, with notes and indices, by Prof. F. Tupper
and Prof. M. B. Ogle. With frontispiece. 21s.

MEECH, THOMAS COX

THIS GENERATION. A history of Great Britain and Ireland
from 1900 to 1926. Illustrated. 2 vols. 12s. 6d. each.

MEYNELL, ALICE

THE FLOWER OF THE MIND. An anthology of verse. 3s. 6d.

[MEYNELL, ESTHER]

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE OF MAGDALENA BACH. Photogravure frontispiece. 6s.

MILNE, A. A.

FIRST PLAYS. Containing *The Boy Comes Home*; *Belinda*; *Wurzel-Flummery*; *The Lucky One*; *The Red Feathers*. 7s. 6d.

SECOND PLAYS. Containing *Mr. Pim Passes By*; *The Romantic Age*; *Make Believe*; *The Camberley Triangle*; *The Stepmother*. 7s. 6d.

THREE PLAYS. Containing *The Great Broxopp*; *The Dover Road*; *The Truth about Blayds*. 7s. 6d.

FOUR PLAYS. Containing *Ariadne, or Business First*; *To Have the Honour*; *Portrait of a Gentleman in Slippers*; *Success*. 7s. 6d.

MONTAGUE, C. E.

RIGHT OFF THE MAP. A novel. 7s. 6d.

ROUGH JUSTICE. A novel. 7s. 6d.

DISENCHANTMENT. Cr. 8vo, 7s.; *St. Martin's Library*, 3s. 6d. and 5s.

FIERY PARTICLES. Stories. 3s. 6d. and 7s.

THE RIGHT PLACE. Essays. 3s. 6d. and 7s.

MORAND, PAUL

LEWIS AND IRENE. A novel. Translated by H. B. V. 3s. 6d. and 7s.

MOTTRAM, R. H.

OUR MR. DORMER. A novel. 7s. 6d.

THE SPANISH FARM TRILOGY, 1914-1918. Including 'The Spanish Farm,' 'Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four!', 'The Crime

MOTTRAM, R. H.—*continued.*

of Vanderlynden's,' and three new pieces. Over 800 pages. 7s. 6d.

THE SPANISH FARM. A story. *Awarded the 'Hawthornden Prize,' 1924.* With a preface by John Galsworthy. 7s. and 2s. 6d.

SIXTY-FOUR, NINETY-FOUR ! A story. 7s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

THE CRIME AT VANDERLYNDEN'S. A story. 7s. and 2s. 6d.

MURRAY, ROSALIND

THE HAPPY TREE. A novel. 7s. 6d.

NICHOLS, ROBERT

ARDOURS AND ENDURANCES. Poems. 5s.

AURELIA. Poems. 5s.

GUILTY SOULS. A play in 4 acts. 7s.

FANTASTICA. Three tales. 7s. 6d.

OWEN, WILFRED

POEMS. With an introduction by Siegfried Sassoon. 6s.

PENN-SMITH, FRANK

HANG ! Stories and fables. 6s. Cheap edition, with an introduction by Richard Hughes, 3s. 6d.

PFUHL, ERNST

MASTERPIECES OF GREEK DRAWING AND PAINTING. Translated by Prof. J. D. Beazley. With 160 illustrations in colour and half-tone. 30s.

PIRANDELLO, LUIGI

Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff.

SHOOT ! A novel. With a bibliography of Pirandello. 7s. 6d.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG. A novel. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.

PLAYFAIR, NIGEL

THE STORY OF THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH. With illustrations after Lovat Fraser, Norman Wilkinson, George Sheringham, Zinkeisen, Kapp, etc. 16s.

POWYS, THEODORE FRANCIS

MR. WESTON'S GOOD WINE. A story. Edition limited to 600 copies signed by the Author; with 6 drawings by George Charlton. 15s.

THE LEFT LEG. Three stories. 7s. 6d.

BLACK BRYONY. A story. With 5 woodcuts by R. A. Garnett. 6s.

MARK ONLY. A story. 7s.

MR. TASKER'S GODS. A story. 7s. 6d.

MOCKERY GAP. A story. 7s.

INNOCENT BIRDS. A story. 7s. 6d.

THE HOUSE WITH THE ECHO: AND OTHER STORIES. Short stories. 7s. *In preparation.*

PRESCOTT, WILLIAM HICKLING

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. With over 100 illustrations by Keith Henderson. 2 vols. 42s. per set.

PROUST, MARCEL

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff:—

SWANN'S WAY. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.

WITHIN A BUDDING GROVE. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.

THE GUERMANTES WAY. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.

MARCEL PROUST: AN ENGLISH TRIBUTE. By various writers, including JOSEPH CONRAD, ARNOLD BENNETT, etc. 6s.

QUENNELL, PETER

POEMS. 6s. Limited edition of 50 numbered copies signed by the Author. 21s.

REMIZOV, ALEXEI

THE CLOCK. And three other tales. Translated by John Cournos. 7s.

RUTHERSTON, ALBERT

MR. MARIONETTE. By Kathleen Colvile. Illustrated in colour and line by Albert Rutherston. 5s. Limited edition of 60 numbered copies signed by the Artist. 10s. 6d.

JASON AND THE PRINCESS. By Kathleen Colvile. Illustrated in colour and line by Albert Rutherston. 5s.

[SANDERSON]

SANDERSON OF OUNDLE. Illustrated. 7s. 6d.

SIMONS, ERIC N.

THE AMAZING SANDERS. A novel. 7s. 6d.

SMITH, SIDNEY

EARLY HISTORY OF ASSYRIA. Uniform with King's *Sumer and Akkad* and *Babylon*. Illustrated. 37s. 6d.

STENDHAL (HENRI BEYLE)

Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff.

THE CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA. With a preface by Balzac. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.

SCARLET AND BLACK. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.

THE ABBESS OF CASTRO, AND OTHER TALES. 7s. 6d.

ARMANCE. 7s. 6d.

ON LOVE. Translated by Vyvyan Holland. 7s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF HENRI BRULARD. 7s. 6d. *In preparation*.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY IN THE CEVENNES

AN INLAND VOYAGE

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE

FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS

THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS

IN THE SOUTH SEAS

ESSAYS IN THE ART OF WRITING

ESSAYS OF TRAVEL

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS

LAY MORALS AND OTHER PAPERS

ACROSS THE PLAINS

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS

PRINCE OTTO

WEIR OF HERMISTON

THE MERRY MEN

Cr. 8vo, 7s. each. Pott 8vo, 1s. 6d. ; leather, 3s. 6d. each.

COLLECTED POEMS : UNDERWOODS, BALLADS, SONGS OF TRAVEL.

In 1 vol. Pott 8vo, 1s. 6d. ; leather, 3s. 6d.

NEW POEMS, AND VARIANT READINGS. Cr. 8vo, 7s.

MORAL EMBLEMS AND OTHER POEMS. With 19 wood-cuts by the Author and a preface by Lloyd Osbourne. 5s.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. With 12 plates in colour, and numerous illustrations in line, by Millicent Sowerby. 7s. 6d. and 12s. 6d.

PRAYERS WRITTEN AT VAILIMA. Illuminated by Alberto Sangorski. Fcap. 4to, 6s. Miniature ed., leather, 2s.

STOKES, F. GRIFFIN (Translated by)

EPISTOLÆ OBSCURORUM VIRORUM (1515-1517). Latin text with English rendering, introduction and notes. 21s.

STRACHEY, LYTTON

QUEEN VICTORIA. With 9 illustrations. *Awarded the 'James Tait Black Memorial Prize,' 1922.* Demy 8vo, 15s.; cr. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

EMINENT VICTORIANS. With 6 portraits. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d.; cr. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

BOOKS AND CHARACTERS. With 6 illustrations. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d.; cr. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

TCHEHOV, ANTON

Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett.

SELECT TALES OF TCHEHOV. Twenty-five tales. Over 750 pages. 7s. 6d.

THE TALES. 13 vols. *St. Martin's Library* (see p. 164), 3s. 6d. and 5s. each.

THE PLAYS. 2 vols. *St. Martin's Library* (see p. 165), 3s. 6d. and 5s. each.

LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEHOV TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS. With biographical sketch and 8 portraits. 12s. 6d.

THE LETTERS OF ANTON PAVLOVITCH TCHEHOV TO OLGA KNIPPER. With a biographical note by Olga Knipper and a frontispiece. 15s.

Translated from the Russian by S. S. Koteliensky.

THE WOOD DEMON. A play in 4 acts, the first version of *Uncle Vanya*. 5s.

TRACY, HENRY CHESTER

TOWARDS THE OPEN. A study in scientific humanism. With a preface by Prof. Julian Huxley. 10s. 6d.

TURNER, W. J.

LANDSCAPE OF CYTHEREA. A poem. 4s. 6d. Limited edition of 100 numbered copies signed by the Author, 15s.

TURNER, W. J.—*continued*.

THE SEVEN DAYS OF THE SUN. A dramatic poem. 5s.

Limited edition of 85 numbered copies signed by the Author, 15s.

SMARAGDA'S LOVER. A play in 3 acts. Paper, 3s. 6d ; cloth, 5s.

TWAIN, MARK (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS)

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER.

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE, ETC. ; and A DOUBLE-BARRELLED DETECTIVE STORY.

THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT ; and TOM SAWYER ABROAD.

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

THE GILDED AGE (with C. D. Warner).

A YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER. "

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

A TRAMP ABROAD.

MORE TRAMPS ABROAD.

ROUGHING IT, AND THE INNOCENTS AT HOME.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD ; and THE NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

THE STOLEN WHITE ELEPHANT, ETC.

THE £1,000,000 BANK-NOTE, ETC.

THE MAN THAT CORRUPTED HADLEYBURG, ETC.

THE JUMPING FROG AND OTHER SKETCHES.

The Florida Edition. Each vol., 6s. Most of the above titles are available in a cheaper edition at 3s. 6d. each.

LETTERS OF MARK TWAIN. Edited by Albert Bigelow Paine. 18s.

VANE, SUTTON

OUTWARD BOUND. A play in 3 acts. Paper, 3s. 6d. ; cloth, 5s.

VANE, SUTTON—*continued*.

FALLING LEAVES. A comedy in 3 acts. Paper, 3s. 6d.; cloth, 5s.

OVERTURE. A play in 3 acts. Paper, 3s. 6d.; cloth, 5s.

WARNER, OLIVER

A SECRET OF THE MARSH. A novel. Illustrated. 7s.

WARNER, SYLVIA TOWNSEND

MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT. A story. 7s.

LOLLY WILLOWES, OR THE LOVING HUNTSMAN. A story. 7s.

THE ESPALIER. Poems. 5s.

WEBSTER, JOHN

THE COMPLETE WORKS. Edited with introductions, commentary and textual notes by F. L. Lucas. 4 vols. 18s. each.

WELLS, H. G.

THE STORY OF A GREAT SCHOOLMASTER : BEING A PLAIN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND IDEAS OF SANDERSON OF OUNDLE. With 3 illustrations. 4s. 6d.

WILSON, ROMER

ALL ALONE : THE LIFE AND PRIVATE HISTORY OF EMILY BRONTË. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.



THE FLORENCE PRESS

PRINTED IN THE TYPE SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR MESSRS.

CHATTO & WINDUS BY HERBERT P. HORNE

A SELECT LIST

THE FIORETTI OR LITTLE FLOWERS OF S. FRANCIS. Translated by Prof. T. W. Arnold. With 29 illustrations in collotype from the drawings in the MSS. in the Laurentian Library. Boards, 30s.

OLYMPIA : THE LATIN TEXT OF BOCCACCIO'S FOURTEENTH ECLOGUE. Translated and edited by Sir Israel Gollancz. Boards, 7s. 6d.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited and arranged with a preface by John Sampson, D.Litt. Boards, 15s.; vellum, 21s.

THE POEMS OF JOHN KEATS. Edited and arranged in chronological order by Sir Sidney Colvin. 2 vols. Boards, 21s. per set; parchment, 31s. 6d. per set.

THE LYRICAL POEMS OF SHELLEY. Edited and arranged in chronological order by C. H. Herford, F.B.A. Boards, 12s. 6d.; vellum, 21s.

THE DRAMATIC POEMS OF SHELLEY. Edited and arranged in chronological order by C. H. Herford, F.B.A. Boards, 12s. 6d.; vellum, 21s.

THE NARRATIVE POEMS OF SHELLEY. Edited and arranged in chronological order by C. H. Herford, F.B.A. 2 vols. Boards, 12s. 6d. each; parchment, 21s. each.

POEMS OF LORD BYRON. Selected and arranged with a preface by H. J. C. Grierson, F.B.A. Demy 8vo, boards, 16s. Large paper edition of 250 numbered copies on hand-made paper, half-vellum, 31s. 6d.

THE POEMS OF JOHN MILTON. A new text edited with a preface by H. J. C. Grierson, F.B.A.

VOLUME ONE. Containing *Paradise Regained*, *Samson Agonistes* and the *Shorter Poems*, arranged in chronological order.

VOLUME TWO. Containing *Paradise Lost*.

Each volume: boards, 12s. 6d.; buckram, 15s.; parchment, 21s.

ESSAYS NEW AND OLD *by* ALDOUS HUXLEY. Edition signed by the Author and limited to 650 copies. 42s. *A few remain.*



THE SIMPLE GUIDE SERIES

A series of handbooks, not textbooks, simply and directly written, that endeavour to give the eager mind a start on the road of knowledge. Each vol. consists of about 70,000 words and contains numerous half-tone and line illustrations. Small demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE HUMAN BODY. By T. B. Heaton, M.D. With 27 illustrations.

PREHISTORIC MAN. By Keith Henderson. With over 60 drawings by the Author.

PICTURES AND PAINTING. By Margaret H. Bulley. With 8 coloured illustrations, etc.

ARCHITECTURE. By A. L. N. Russell, A.R.I.B.A. Fully illustrated.

ENGLISH LITERATURE. By M. Widdows. *In preparation.*

MUSIC. By Ursula Creighton. *In preparation.*



THE ST. MARTIN'S LIBRARY

Pocket volumes. Pott 8vo. Green cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Leather, 5s. each.

A SELECT LIST

BARBELLION, W. N. P.

THE JOURNAL OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

BENNETT, ARNOLD

BOOKS AND PERSONS.

BOCCACCIO

THE DECAMERON.

CHESTERTON, G. K.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

GILBERT, SIR W. S.

ORIGINAL PLAYS : in 4 series.

First Series : The Wicked World ; Pygmalion and Galatea ; Charity ; The Princess ; The Palace of Truth ; Trial by Jury ; Iolanthe.

Second Series : Broken Hearts ; Engaged ; Sweethearts ; Gretchen ; Dan'l Druce ; Tom Cobb ; H.M.S. Pin afore ; The Sorcerer ; The Pirates of Penzance.

Third Series : Comedy and Tragedy ; Foggerty's Fairy ; Rosencrantz and Guildenstern ; Patience ; Princess Ida ; The Mikado ; Ruddigore ; The Yeomen of the Guard ; The Gondoliers ; The Mountebanks ; Utopia Limited.

GILBERT, SIR W. S.—*continued.*

Fourth Series : The Fairy's Dilemma ; The Grand Duke ; His Excellency ; 'Haste to the Wedding' ; Fallen Fairies ; the Gentleman in Black ; Brantingham Hall ; Creatures of Impulse ; Randall's Thumb ; The Fortune-hunter ; Thespis ; The Hooligan ; Trying a Dramatist. With a Portrait of the Author.

HARDY, THOMAS

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

HERZEN, ALEXANDER

MY PAST AND THOUGHTS : THE MEMOIRS. Sole complete and copyright edition. Translated from the Russian, with notes, by Constance Garnett. 6 vols.

JEFFERIES, RICHARD

THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS.

THE OPEN AIR.

NATURE NEAR LONDON.

MONTAGUE, C. E.

DISENCHANTMENT.

RABELAIS

GARGANTUA AND PANTAGRUEL. Translated by Urquhart and Le Motteux. 3 vols.

TAINÉ, H. A.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. With 32 portraits. 4 vols.

TCHEHOV, ANTON

Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett.

THE TALES : 13 vols.

THE DARLING, etc.

TCHEHOV, ANTON—*continued.*

THE DUEL, etc.

THE LADY WITH THE DOG, etc.

THE PARTY, etc.

THE WIFE, etc.

THE WITCH, etc.

THE BISHOP, etc.

THE CHORUS GIRL, etc.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS, etc.

THE HORSE-STEALERS, etc.

THE SCHOOLMASTER, etc.

THE COOK'S WEDDING, etc.

LOVE, etc.

THE PLAYS : 2 vols.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD, etc.

THREE SISTERS, etc.

WHITMAN, WALT

POEMS. Selected and edited by W. M. Rossetti.



THE MEDIEVAL LIBRARY

Under the General Editorship of Sir Israel Gollancz, D.Litt.
Post 8vo, brown boards, 5s., unless otherwise described.

A SELECT LIST

ANCIENT ENGLISH CHRISTMAS CAROLS, 1400-1700. Collected, arranged and illustrated by Edith Rickert. 7s. 6d.; and 10s. 6d. (pigskin).

ASSER'S LIFE OF KING ALFRED. Translated from the Latin, with an introduction and notes, by L. C. Jane, M.A.

BEOWULF. Translated into modern English verse, with an introduction, notes and appendices, by D. H. Crawford.

EARLY LIVES OF CHARLEMAGNE. Translated and edited by Prof. A. J. Grant.

PEARL : AN ENGLISH POEM OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. Edited with modern rendering by Sir I. Gollancz, together with BOCCACCIO'S OLYMPIA. 7s. 6d.; and 10s. 6d. (white cloth).

RAOUL DE CAMBRAI. Translated by Jessie Crosland. With introduction.

THE BABEES' BOOK : MEDIEVAL MANNERS FOR THE YOUNG. Done into modern English from Dr. Furnivall's texts, with introduction and notes, by Edith Rickert.

THE CHRONICLE OF JOCELIN OF BRAKELOND. Translated and edited by L. C. Jane, M.A.

THE LOVE OF BOOKS : BEING THE PHILOBIBLON OF RICHARD DE BURY. Translated by E. C. Thomas.

THE PLAYS OF ROSWITHA. Translated from the Latin by Christopher St. John.

THE RULE OF ST. BENEDICT. Translated and edited by Cardinal Gasquet.

THE SONG OF ROLAND. Translated by Jessie Crosland. With introduction.

THE VISION OF PIERS THE PLOWMAN. By William Langland. In modern English by Professor Skeat.

TROBADOR POETS : SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF EIGHT TROBADORS. Translated and edited by Barbara Smythe.

WINE, WOMEN, AND SONG : MEDIÆVAL LATIN STUDENTS' SONGS. Translated and edited by John Addington Symonds.



